

# PLUCK AND LUCK

OUT WITH BUFFALO BILL,  
OR SIX NEW-YORK BOYS IN THE WILD WEST.

BY AN OLD STORY

AND OTHER STORIES



Ned had almost reached the cover which concealed his friends when the foremost of his pursuers was close upon him. The painted fiend reached forth his hand to seize Ned and drag him back.





# OUT WITH BUFFALO BILL

OR, SIX NEW YORK BOYS IN THE WILD WEST

BY AN OLD SCOUT

## CHAPTER I.—Buffalo Bill's Pledge

"Another letter from Bentley, the land agent at Fort Kearney, sir," said Mr. Sands, the confidential clerk of the Hon. Dickson Bardwell, the New York millionaire, as the latter gentleman entered the elegant office in Wall Street which was his business sanctum.

"Well, is there anything new?" asked Mr. Bardwell, seating himself at his handsome writing desk, and lighting a cigar.

"Yes, sir. That scoundrel Gomez is bound to make you trouble."

"Ah, the Mexican. Well, let me have Bentley's letter."

"Here it is, sir."

Mr. Bardwell, after reading the letter which the clerk handed him, puffed at his cigar for a moment, and then said in his cool, precise way:

"Evidently Bentley is right in thinking Senor Gomez means to grab the most valuable portion of the extensive tract of western land which I have recently purchased from the government."

"I think, sir, there is no mistaking the design of the Mexican ranchero who owns and occupies the land adjoining your five thousand acre tract," assented the clerk.

"Bentley states in this letter," rejoined Mr. Bardwell, glancing at the written page in his hand, "that Senor Gomez boldly disputes the boundary lines between my tract and his own, and asserts that the original survey, made at the time of my purchase, was incorrect and an infringement on his patent for his lands."

"Exactly, sir, and the Mexican professes that more than five hundred acres of your land rightly could be included in his own section."

"Yes, and Bentley, the land agent, positively states that an error was made in running out the boundary lines of my claim, and that the Mexican is deliberately planning to bulldoze me out of the five hundred acres he has set up a claim to."

"And from the tone of the land agent's letter seemed to me he is somewhat afraid of the Mexican."

"That is evident, for he says that Senor Gomez is a power in the wild Western country where his lands are located."

"Yes. You noted, moreover, sir, that in his last communication Bentley states that Senor Gomez has gathered about him a company of reckless cowboy desperadoes and established a regular stronghold on his lands near the disputed boundary lines."

"And more than that, Sands, Bentley says that the Mexican ranchero is on friendly terms with the hostile Indians, particularly Sitting Bull and Yellow Hand's bands."

"That is so, sir."

"And it is clear that the Mexican means fight, and that he will use his white desperadoes and Indian allies to sustain his unjust claims by violence and keep me out of possession."

"I think so, sir."

"Well, we shall see," replied Mr. Bardwell, quietly, but there was a glitter in the calm, gray eyes of the cool, far-seeing man of business, who manipulated millions with the skill of a financial Napoleon, that told the confidential clerk, who knew his cool, deliberate principle well, that he was resolved to contest the Mexican's unjust claim to the bitter end. It was to his coolness, nerve and tenacity of purpose that those who knew him best attributed the wonderful success which had attended the business career of Dickson Bardwell, and there was no one, even among the ranks of his competitors and business rivals, who could truthfully say that he was ever lacking in strict integrity.

"The first question to be positively settled, however, for I am not altogether certain about Bentley's survey, though the presumption is that it is all correct, is the exact boundary lines of my disputed claim," continued Mr. Bardwell, presently.

"Yes, sir."

"You have the transcript of the government survey and also the map made by Bentley?"

"Both maps are in the safe, sir."

"Very well. Get them, and we will compare them carefully."

Sands produced the two maps from the safe, and having spread them out on a desk, Mr. Bardwell adjusted his eye-glasses, cast aside his fragment Havana, and, pencil in hand, addressed himself to the task he was bent on, assisted by the clerk. For more than an hour the two pored over

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the maps, and meanwhile a handsome youth in his twentieth year, who was seated at a desk at the further end of the office, engaged in drafting the map of a survey from the rough outlines of a field book such as surveyors use on the ground, looked up from time to time, and watched the inspection of the maps with evident interest. The youthful draftsman resembled Mr. Bardwell in a striking degree, and in fact he was the gentleman's only son.

Though the son of a millionaire, Ned was not a pampered, useless member of society, but on the contrary was an ambitious, stirring young man. He had studied surveying and was already quite proficient in the profession. And the youth had acquired practical experience the preceding summer, when he had accompanied a government land surveying force engaged on the Texan border. Presently, with his pencil indicating a particular line, Mr. Bardwell said to Sands:

"Here is certainly a discrepancy between the government survey and Bentley's lines. True, it is in my favor, but that does not matter. The fact is proven that there is an error on one side or the other."

"That's a fact, sir," assented Sands.

"And now I see my way. In the first instance, I must send a really competent man, and one who will feel an interest in the precision and accuracy of his work, to run out the disputed boundaries of my lands."

"Quite right. Certainly, we must be sure of our lines before we contest the Mexican's claim," replied Sands.

"Yes, and now the question arises where shall I find a competent surveyor who will undertake to brave danger from the hostile Indians and make the survey I desire?"

"Perhaps Hooker would go. He is the best surveyor I know," suggested Sands.

Well, telephone to his office and ask him to call here at once. He is only a few blocks away."

"Very well, sir."

Sands stepped to the telephone and rang up a call. Just then a telegraph messenger entered, and handed Mr. Bardwell a dispatch which that gentleman read, and then in a very animated tone for him said:

"I have a telegram from my old friend Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody). He says he leaves Boston at once, and that he will be in New York to-day and call at my office. You know that in '71 I accompanied General Sheridan and a party of friends, including James Gordon Bennett, Leonard Jerome, General Anson Sager, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and others on a grand hunt from Fort McPherson to Fort Hayes, and Buffalo Bill was our guide. Then, too, I was with the great scout on the Grand Duke Alexis hunt, and Bill and I became firm friends."

Sands returned from the telephone a moment after Mr. Bardwell last spoke, and announced:

"Hooker says he is engaged, and that he can accept no new business for three months to come."

"Try Granger. He is an excellent surveyor," said Mr. Bardwell.

Through the teleprone Sands did so, but he was informed that Mr. Granger was surveying in North Carolina. Several other surveyors of established reputation were applied to through the

agency of the telephone. But it seemed that fate was against Mr. Bardwell.

"I'll wait until Buffalo Bill comes, for I am sure the great scout will back me up, and I know he has great influence with father, who has the utmost confidence in him."

Some hours later the door of the office opened and a man of striking presence entered. He was the great Buffalo Bill. So often has he been described, and so familiar has he become to the general public by reason of his widely published portrait, and personally in his "Wild West Exhibition," that it is not necessary that we should describe him further. Presently Mr. Bardwell broached the subject of his Western lands, and when he had fully acquainted the scout with the facts which the reader has heard discussed, he said:

"And now, Bill, I'm in a quandary what to do. I want a good surveyor, but I am unable to find one."

Ned had listened eagerly and now he thought his time to speak had come, and so he said earnestly:

"Let me go and run out your land. I am fully competent, and I'll have an interest in the work no outsider could feel."

"Impossible! Why, Ned, you might lose your scalp. Eh, Bill?" replied Mr. Bardwell.

But Ned had nudged Bill covertly, and he took his cue, saying:

"Why, I should let the boy go. I'm off for a summer hunt, and if you say so I'll go with Ned myself, and I reckon we can straighten out the Mexican and his land pirates between us."

"Do you really mean it, Bill?" asked Mr. Bardwell.

"Certainly, partner. I've closed up the business that brought me East all right, and as you say your land is in the Yellowstone country, and I'm going there on my own account, nothing would suit me better than to take Ned along, and help him make his survey and stand off the Mexican, redskins and all, if they show their teeth."

"But Ned is my only son, and if anything should happen to him I could never forgive myself."

"I pledge you my word, old friend, that I'll look out for the boy and bring him back to you all safe and sound, and there's Buffalo Bill's grip on it," said the great old scout, seizing the millionaire's hand.

"Let me go, father. You can trust Mr. Cody," appealed Ned.

"Yes, I can trust Bill, and I will. I agree, and you have my gratitude for your kind offer, Cody. You're a man, Bill, a man clean through," said Mr. Bardwell.

Again the hands of the scout and the New Yorker met, and the compact was sealed between them.

## CHAPTER II.—On the Yellowstone.

That evening at about eight o'clock a company of lads ranging in age from eighteen to twenty years were assembled in a spacious hall, or society room, not far from the building occupied by the New York Athletic Club. These young men were the members of a recently organized association, of which Ned Bardwell, who was exceedingly



popular among his youthful comrades, had been elected the president. As yet the boys' club numbered but six members, and they were all the sons of wealthy parents.

When we look in upon the meeting of the club Ned Bardwell had just taken the president's chair, and, rapping upon the desk before him, he called the meeting to order. The next thing was the roll-call, and the secretary proceeded to attend to this duty, calling the following names:

"Ned Bardwell!

"Tom Dickson!

"Frank Tracey!

"Harry Kirk!

"Joe Cunningham!

"Dick Valentine!"

Every member responded to his name, the secretary answering as he called his own name, which was Tom Dickson.

"We are all present this evening, and I am glad of it, for I have an important communication to make and I am obliged to tender my resignation as the president of the club," said Ned Bardwell, when the minutes of the last meeting had been read and remarks were in order. Every eye was turned upon Ned questioningly, and he saw amazement written upon the faces of his young friends. There was silence for a moment, and then Ned resumed:

"Yes, fellow members of 'The Pluck and Luck Gun Club,' I respectfully tender my resignation as president of our club, because I am about to start for the wild West in company with Buffalo Bill in a few days."

The members of the club were surprised very much at this announcement, but there was not one among them who did not envy Ned his opportunity. And the latter continued:

"This is a sudden departure of mine, certainly. But until today I did not know myself that I was a-going West. Important business relating to lands owned by my father is the real cause of my proposed Western journey. But you may be sure, boys, that Buffalo Bill and I will have some grand old hunts out on the plains before I return, and I wish you were all going with me. Ah, what grand times there would be with all our gun club, out on the plains with Buffalo Bill!"

Ned's eyes sparkled, and his voice rang with enthusiasm, which was infectious. The boys involuntarily gave a cheer, and Tom Dickson sprang to his feet and said:

"Why can't we all go with Buffalo Bill? It's vacation, and we could spend a few weeks in the wild West just as well as not if our parents would only consent."

"Let's suspend the rules, and discuss the matter," said Joe Cunningham.

"Second the motion," cried another; and it was so ordered.

Finally it was unanimously decided that the boys should all consult their parents, and strive to induce them to allow them to go with Ned.

"But will Buffalo Bill assent?" all at once asked Tom Dickson.

"I think he will. You know Mr. Cody is the prince of good fellows, and a jolly company, such as we will form, will be likely to suit him," replied Ned.

"Suppose we form a deputation, and call upon Buffalo Bill at his hotel?" suggested Tom Dickson.

"That will not be necessary, for I have invited the distinguished scout to attend the meeting of our club tomorrow evening, and then we can find out if he is willing the whole six of us should go with him to the Yellowstone country," said Ned.

"Capital! We will all be here tomorrow evening to meet Buffalo Bill, you may be sure of that, Ned," cried Joe Cunningham, and the others expressed the same idea in similar words.

The club adjourned, and the boys went homeward in a great state of anxiety and excitement. Various were the arguments they employed to convert their parents to their way of thinking, but the one point they were all shrewd enough to make was that since Mr. Bardwell could trust his son with Buffalo Bill their parents ought to be willing to do the same. And in every instance the enthusiastic boys triumphantly overruled all their parents' objections and won their consent. Then Ned, who had been selected by his comrades to act as spokesman, addressed Buffalo Bill, and in a few well chosen words informed the scout of the desire of his five comrades to accompany him to the West. Bill listened with seeming pleasure, and when Ned had concluded his address the scout said quietly:

"I should like to have all your youngsters out with me on the plains, for I am sure you are all true blue, and if you go I'll agree to send you all home good marksmen and hunters."

Another cheer greeted Bill's little speech, and he was warmly thanked by all. The next few days the six New York boys were busy making preparations for their Western trip. By the advice of the scout they all procured Winchester rifles, improved forty-five calibre revolvers, hunting knives, blankets, and a good supply of ammunition. The other necessities of camp life, including horses, were to be purchased in the West. In his joy at the prospect of plenty of hunting adventures, Ned did not lose sight of the main object of his journey to the Western wilds. The lad was resolved that he would make an accurate survey of the disputed land, but he knew that there was a good deal of danger to be anticipated. Much more, in fact, than his father dreamt of. Buffalo Bill and Ned had a private conversation on the evening of the great scout's introduction to the boys of "The Pluck and Luck Gun Club," and in the interview the scout said:

"Though I didn't say so before your father, Ned, I know that fellow, Miguel Gomez. He is a Greaser of the worst stamp, and he has a grudge against me, too. You see, I arrested him once when I was a Territorial officer, and he has never forgiven me. We shall have to look out for the old rascal, I can tell you."

At last all the six New York boys had completed their preparations for the great Western journey. Good-bys were said when the morning of their start for the West arrived, and all procured through tickets for Chicago. A large number of friends and relatives accompanied the boys to the depot, and gave them a cheerful send-off. The journey to Chicago was made in safety, and after looking about the Western metropolis for a few days the party proceeded northwest to Cheyenne, and thence along the line of government posts, including Forts Laramie, Fetterman, Reno and Kearney, to the grand valley of the Yellowstone. At Fort Kearney Buffalo Bill's party was joined



by War Eagle, the Indian, of the Blackfoot tribe, who was the scout's friend, and two scouts named Bob Porter and Tony Clark. It was evening when the Buffalo Bill party arrived in the beautiful valley, and they went into camp close by the river.

## CHAPTER II.—An Indian Attack.

The great scout's party had with them a couple of tents, such as are commonly used by the United States soldiers, and in these shelters the six New York boys and their comrades passed the night. They were all well mounted now, and the horses were picketed out at a short distance from the tents, where there was an abundance of sweet, rich grass. As yet no Indians had been met, and as far as the boy members of the party were informed, signs of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood had not been discovered. But Buffalo Bill, War Eagle, and the two old scouts were aware that a solitary red trailer had been hanging on their track all the long summer day which preceded their advent into the valley of the Yellowstone. The scouts were somewhat troubled, and the presence of the Indian trailer caused them to anticipate danger, and the suspicion crossed Buffalo Bill's mind that the redskin might be a spy sent out by Senor Gomez, the Mexican.

The boys were kept in ignorance of the presence of the Indian trailer because the scout king could see nothing to be gained by apprising them of the discovery. But that night the friendly Indian, War Eagle, and Bob Porter, one of Buffalo Bill's old scout comrades, stood guard, and they were alert and watchful during all the hours of darkness. There was no alarm, however, and morning dawned bright and beautiful, as only in the enchanted valley of the Yellowstone can the birth of a new day come. The disputed lands and the ranch of Senor Miguel Gomez, the Mexican, were a day's journey distant, and while Bob Porter and Tony Clark, the scouts, rode out in quest of antelope for the morning meal, Buffalo Bill proposed that the boys should practice marksmanship, saying:

"I think there is a package of glass balls among the supplies. It seems War Eagle packed them up and brought them along from Fort Kearney by mistake. I shouldn't have had them carried all this distance had I known it, but I only discovered them last night. I think we shall soon have plenty of game to practice on, and so you lads may as well try your skill at breaking the balls, and so get rid of them."

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned Bardwell. "We'll shoot on horseback, going at full speed."

The glass balls were quickly produced, and War Eagle, the friendly Indian, placed them in a basket and leaped upon his horse. The boys were all mounted in a moment, and held their repeating rifles in readiness. Buffalo Bill gave the word and away rode War Eagle at full speed, tossing up the glass balls as he went, while the boys began to crack away at them. The valley echoed with the detonations of the fusillade. The glass balls were all soon broken, and Buffalo Bill's keen sight and experience enabled him to tell that Ned Bardwell was the victor in the contest. As

the last ball was shattered into atoms by a bullet from Ned's rifle, the boys, all save the young champion, wheeled their horses and galloped backward. But War Eagle had discovered an antelope at the edge of a motte or clump of timber not far distant, and bent upon securing the animal, he rode on toward it. Ned followed the friendly Indian, hoping to get a shot at the animal himself. At the same time Bob Porter and his scout comrade came riding in from the opposite direction, and as soon as they were near enough for Buffalo Bill to hear them they shouted:

"Indians—Indians!"

"Come back, Ned! Come back, War Eagle!" cried Buffalo Bill.

But Ned and his friendly Indian neither heard the warning nor glanced backward. Seeing this, Bill sprang upon his horse and dashed after Ned and the Indian.

"They may run into an ambush behind yonder motte!" exclaimed Bill excitedly.

A thrilling moment passed, and War Eagle disappeared behind the timber in pursuit of the antelope. Ned thought he heard the friendly Indian utter a yell, but he kept on. Almost immediately Ned thought he saw War Eagle reappear and come dashing toward him, and he continued to advance. But the lad was deceived. When War Eagle vanished behind the timber he was suddenly surprised by a band of Sioux warriors, who sprang up all about him. A lasso fell over his head, and he was jerked to the ground before he could utter but one yell. His horse, too, was halted by a lasso, and a Sioux warrior tore War Eagle's feathered bonnet from his head, and leaped upon his horse saying:

"Yellow Hand ride back and fool white boy. Chief take him prisoner to great Mexican chief's ranch and get heap blankets and guns!"

Then the cunning redskin rode back, and he was almost at Ned Bardwell's side before the lad discovered that he was not War Eagle. The youth had fired the last shot from his repeating rifle at the glass balls, and so that weapon was useless. But as the Indian's horse ran up beside his own, Ned drew a revolver, and, aiming at the Indian, pressed the trigger. At the same instant the wily savage ducked his head, and the bullet from Ned's weapon whizzed over him. Yellow Hand was unharmed, and like a flash he leaned forward and clutched Ned by the throat with one hand while the other gripped the lad's belt. The boy was torn from his horse, and the Indian threw him across his saddle, still clutching his throat, and wheeling War Eagle's horse, he dashed away behind the timber.

Buffalo Bill had witnessed the scene, and he understood it all. He glanced backward in the direction of his camp, and beheld a large band of mounted Indians coming from the direction whence Porter and Clark, the scouts, had ridden. At the same moment Bill saw Yellow Hand's braves burst from the cover. There was more than a score of warriors in Yellow Hand's party. Single-handed, brave to heroism as he was, the great scout knew it would be folly to charge them, and so he wheeled his horse and dashed back toward the camp. A part of Yellow Hand's force followed the scout, and Bill muttered:

"The rascal who captured Ned is old Cut Nose's



son, the favorite of Sitting Bull, and the worst redskin in the West."

As Bill rode toward camp, he saw that his scout comrades and the five boys of his party were riding for the river.

"Ha! my old pards are doing just what I would have ordered myself. They are making for the river, intending that the steep banks of the stream shall serve them as a breastwork to repel the Indian attack."

Bill rode like the wind, and he gained the river bank a moment or so after his party had reached the shelter. The Indians of both approaching parties continued their headlong advance. Under the sheltering bank of the river the whites dismounted, and crouching down, they leveled their rifles over the natural breastworks at the charging hostiles. The scout was well pleased, and he shouted hopefully:

"Stand firm, boys! We will send those red demons howling back, I hope, if you don't lose your nerve."

The boys answered with a cheer which was drowned by the deafening yells of the Indians as they came on and on in a terrific charge.

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Fight at the River Bank.

Straight toward the little band with the great scout rode the Sioux warriors, crouching over their ponies' necks and yelling with shrill intonations that were mingled with the incessant cracking of their rifles. As soon as the Indians were within long range the scout gave the word to fire, and at the same time he began discharging his own repeating rifle. The first volley was well aimed and destructive. Several yelling braves were tumbled from their ponies, and their affrighted animals went galloping back pell-mell among the ranks of the charging redskins, occasioning some confusion. But still the Sioux legion came on, and a second and a third volley were quickly discharged from the river bank. At short range the fire of the whites was even more destructive than at first, and the rush of the Indians was checked.

The savages could not face the storm of bullets from the sheltered whites, as every shot told, and an exultant shout went up from the gallant little band under the river bank as the Sioux at last wheeled their ponies and dashed back in full retreat, while they made the valley ring with yells of baffled rage and disappointment. Out of range they halted, and observing that they seemed to be consulting together, one of the old scouts said, while all the party quickly reloaded their rifles:

"You kin bet, Bill, that the reds mean to capture us yet. Old Yellow Hand is in command of the band, and he won't give up even if he has to stay right here and starve us out."

"You are right, Bob, and it's dead sure that the Sioux are on the warpath in earnest. The general outbreak I've been expecting has commenced, and we have got to have help or go under in the end. The reds can hold us right here until our ammunition fails and we are out of grub," answered Bill, while the New York boys listened to his words with pale and anxious faces.

"But the nearest military post is miles away. Fort Custer is the nearest place where we kin get help, Bill, an' I reckon the reds won't let one of us out of this trap to go for the sojers," said Tony Clark.

"It does seem almost a hopeless chance to send a messenger to the fort, and yet the attempt must be made, or we shall all lose our scalps," said Bill.

Having evidently concluded their short consultation, the Indians now were seen ransacking the tent which our friends had abandoned, and they divided the plunder and then retired further away. Meanwhile Bob Porter, one of the old prairie scouts, had been looking at some drift wood and brush which had lodged against the river side just behind the position of the whites, and all at once he said:

"Bill, I've got an idea to fool the redskins and git away to Fort Custer arter help. Ye see that drift wood an' brush? Well, I'll make a sort of a raft fer my head an' shoulders an' swim down stream under cover of it. The high bank right along here won't let the varmints see what I am up to, an' when I drift out in sight the reds will most likely not suspect that there's a man under the innocent-looking float."

"Bravo, Bob! Make the attempt by all means," replied Bill, and his tone evinced some hope for the success of the stratagem.

"All right, pard," assented old Bob, and while the others continued to watch the Indians closely and fire an occasional shot to let them know they were on the alert, Bob and Tony Clark, his fellow scout, quickly constructed a small raft. Then Bob placed his rifle on it, concealed by brush, pushed off the float, took his place under it, with his head above water, under cover, and swam slowly away down stream. The besieged whites watched the innocent-looking little mass of drift wood as it slowly floated away down stream with feelings of anxiety which can scarcely be depicted.

But if the Indians observed it they did not suspect the truth, and the raft disappeared from sight around a bend down stream unmolested. All Ned's boy comrades were grieved and in a state of great anxiety about Ned. Their solicitude for their young comrade was to be read in the expression of all their faces. Meanwhile Bob Porter drifted on and on down the river until he had left the scene of the Indian battle well in the rear. Finally the scout brought his raft to the shore, and removing his rifle, struck out at a swift pace across country, shaping his course for Fort Custer. His greatest fear now was lest he should encounter some wandering band of the hostile Indians, for as the savages would be well mounted while he was on foot, in such an event he could not hope to escape.

The scout proceeded with greatest caution, constantly keeping a sharp lookout in every direction. He had gone forward several miles quietly, when in the distance he discerned some moving objects. His keen vision told him that these objects were mounted men, and as a matter of precaution he instantly dropped down in the tall grass. The riders drew nearer, and very soon Bob saw that they were Indians. But he was sure that he had not been seen. On came the Indians, and Bob counted thirty warriors all painted for the warpath and well armed.



"There is a-going to be a big Indian war in the Northwest as sure as shootin', and old Sitting Bull is gathering his forces," muttered the scout.

The direction now taken by the advancing Indians carried them by Bob's hiding place at some distance to the northward and he waited until they were out of sight and then resumed his journey. Miles further on the plains were here and there marked with mottes, or small clumps of timber, and having passed close by one of these covers, Bob was going forward at a swinging pace when suddenly a fierce chorus of Indian yells burst upon the silence of the great prairie, and a band of a dozen mounted Sioux warriors dashed out of the motte. Bob bounded away, and after him came the savages at full speed, yelling exultantly, sure of running down the solitary white man.

## CHAPTER V.—U. S. Cavalry.

Bob Porter shut his teeth in desperate determination and strained every muscle in the race for life which he was making against his red foes. It seemed a hopeless struggle, but the scout kept on and on manfully, and once or twice he wheeled about and discharged a shot from his rifle at the enemy.

"I reckon the reds will have my scalp this time, but I'm a-goin' to make my last fight a good one. God help Buffalo Bill and the boys! I've done my best, but to no good for them," muttered Bob, heading for a motte, in which he meant to seek shelter.

At that dreadful moment the brave old scout was hopeless, but all at once a new sound reached his ears, pealing out above the yells of the Indians. It was the blast of a bugle that old Bob heard, and a cry of joy burst from his lips as, the succeeding moment, a company of U. S. cavalry galloped out of the timber. Like magic the human wolves of the prairie wheeled their ponies at the sight of the boys in blue, and away they fled with the cavalymen, who swept by Bob at full speed, pressing in pursuit. Old Bill fell exhausted, and lay panting on the ground for some time. The soldiers chased the Indians for some distance, but the latter scattered, and most of them finally escaped. Riding back to the old scout, the soldiers heard him tell the commanding officer of the perilous situation of Buffalo Bill and his party, and at once the officer volunteered to go to the rescue.

He immediately gave the order to advance toward the great scout's position, and the party set off with a shout, led by old Bob, who rode a pony which the soldiers had captured from the Indians. The day was now drawing to a close, and while the cavalry force is riding to the rescue of Buffalo Bill and his comrades, let us see how they had passed the day of peril and excitement. Several times before night came the Indians made charges upon the great scout's party, but they were always repulsed. Bill dreaded the approaching darkness, and he felt that when the light of day faded from the sky the most desperate assault of the battle would be made. He did not suspect that Bob would find assistance before he arrived at Fort Custer, and he thought that, even if the old scout succeeded in reaching the post, he could not

get back with the soldiers before noon of the morrow.

The sun had set and the shadows were steadily deepening, and the Indians were seen massing their forces. It seemed that soon the fight in the darkness, which Buffalo Bill dreaded, must commence. But just at this critical time the scout saw a single mounted Indian, who came from the direction of Fort Custer, dash into sight. On came the solitary red rider until he reached the Indians who menaced the whites. It was evident to the anxious watchers at the river bank that the Indian made some startling statement to Yellow Hand and his braves, for the chief seemed excited, judging from his gesticulations, and to the surprise of Bill and his friends, but to their great joy as well, five minutes later the entire Indian force was hastening away toward the Big Horn river.

"Thank heaven, the reds are drawing off, and I'll venture to say that the Indian who just joined them gave them some news they don't like. The chances are that soldiers are in the neighborhood," cried Buffalo Bill delightedly, as he witnessed the hasty retreat of the Sioux.

An hour passed, and still Buffalo Bill and his comrades held their position, for the astute scout's knowledge of Indian tactics told him that, after all, it was barely possible that the seeming departure of the enemy was but a ruse to draw his party out of their shelter. But finally the cavalymen, led by old Bob Porter, came dashing into view under the moonlight, for the night had now fallen and the nocturnal light served to render objects visible. Old Bob dashed up to the bank above his friends' position, waving his hat and shouting:

"Here I am with Uncle Sam's boys at my back an' now tell me where are the reds? We are arter scalps! Come on, Bill, an' we'll get back the boy the varmints carried off yit!"

Buffalo Bill and his comrades answered Old Bob with a cheer that made the valley ring, and then they mounted their horses and regained the top of the bank. The king of scouts was greeted in a most friendly way by the officer in command of the cavalry force, who proved to be an old acquaintance of Bill's. Then in a few words Bill explained how the Indians had suddenly decamped.

"They were informed of our approach certainly. But now we must pursue them," said the officer.

"No," said Buffalo Bill quickly.

"Why, what do you mean, Cody? Surely I should never have expected such a desperate and fearless Indian fighter as yourself discourage the pursuit of a hostile band," replied the officer.

It was evident that he was very much surprised.

"Under ordinary circumstances I would be the first to advise an immediate pursuit of the redskins. But you must know the Indians have carried off one of my boy comrades, and now if we press them close they will surely put the brave boy to death rather than that we should rescue him," replied Buffalo Bill.

"That is the Indian way of doing, I grant," the officer made answer.

Then Buffalo Bill and his two scout comrades, Porter and Clark, held a consultation, and they



decided to leave the boys of their party with the soldiers for the time, while they set out to track up the Indians secretly and attempt to rescue Ned Bardwell by a resort of stratagem. A few moments later the three scouts set out on their mission.

## CHAPTER VI.—Running the Gauntlet.

Buffalo Bill and his party had not seen Bardwell or War Eagle, the friendly Indian who was also captured by the Sioux, since they disappeared behind the motte which had enabled the enemy to ambush them, until the savage retreated, just before the arrival of the cavalry. Then they had seen Ned and the friendly Indian brought out of the timber, bound upon the backs of ponies, and hurried away with their captors. Ned had been kept in the timber securely bound to a tree until the retreat of the Indians began. The friendly Indian was secured in a like manner near the white boy.

While Ned was a captive in the timber, Yellow Hand, the Sioux war chief, and a member of his band, whom the lad discovered, much to his surprise, was a white man, dressed and painted like an Indian, conversed in low tones near the boy captive. Ned's sense of hearing was uncommonly acute, and though the Indian chief and the white renegade evidently did not intend that he should do so, he overheard all they said. The first words of the conversation awakened Ned's interest and fixed his attention.

"Senor Miguel Gomez will be delighted at the capture of the Bardwell boy," said the white renegade.

"Ugh! Yellow Hand great brave! He caught boy easy."

"Yes. It was lucky, though, chief, that my employer, Gomez, the Mexican, found out the son of the man who owns the claim Gomez wants to get the best part of what's coming."

"Yes. Ugh! How find out?"

"Why, you see, Saul Ferret, old Gomez's head man, was down at Fort Kearney when Buffalo Bill and his party got there. Saul heard the name of the boy you have captured and he suspected something."

"Ugh! Saul Ferret great spy!"

"Yes. Well, Saul made cautious inquiries at the fort, and thus he found out the purpose Ned Bardwell had in coming West, and all about his and Buffalo Bill's plans."

"Ugh! Saul is like the fox," said Yellow Hand, in admiration.

"Well," continued the other, "as soon as Saul had fully satisfied his curiosity regarding the Bardwell boy's presence at the fort, and what he meant to do, he left the fort."

"Wah! And went like the swift runner to the lodge of Gomez, the Mexican chief, who is Yellow Hand's friend."

"Yes, Saul went on ahead of Buffalo Bill and his party, and arriving at old Gomez's ranch, he told the old Mexican all he had discovered."

"Ugh! Then Gomez send for Yellow Hand."

"Yes. And Gomez promised you gold and fire water, and guns and blankets, if you would capture Ned Bardwell and bring the boy to him a prisoner. And the Mexican instructed you also

to drive Buffalo Bill and his party out of the Yellowstone country, or kill them."

"Yes. And Yellow Hand's braves shall take all their scalps."

"I hope so, chief."

"But what Mexican chief do with white boy?" asked Yellow Hand, while Ned listened with breathless interest for the answer which would give him an intimation of what his fate was to be.

"Gomez is cunning. He means to keep the boy, Ned Bardwell, a prisoner at his ranch until the boy's father, to save the life of his son, assigns the disputed land to Gomez."

"Ugh, Gomez is like the serpent. And if white man not do what he want?"

"In case Bardwell should refuse to assign the land to Gomez the boy Ned will be put to death. But as the lad is the rich white man's only son, Gomez thinks there is little doubt the senior Bardwell will come to his terms."

"Wah! The white boy shall be taken to Gomez's ranch unharmed," said Yellow Hand, and Ned drew a breath of relief. He had feared that the Indians meant to torture him to death, and a weight was removed from his mind as he now knew that such a dreadful fate was not in store for him. But Ned thought:

"Gomez, the Mexican ranchero, is even a greater rascal than what Buffalo Bill told me of him, led me to suppose." When the retreat of the boy's captors was commenced Ned learned, with feeling of gratitude and delight, that his friends had been able to hold the Indians at bay, and he hoped that Buffalo Bill might even yet accomplish his rescue. Ned felt convinced that the great scout would certainly make the attempt to do so if the slightest opportunity was afforded him.

When the Indians fled from the scene of the attack upon Buffalo Bill's party they shaped their course, by Yellow Hand's orders, toward the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican. They pressed on steadily, but at midnight the party met a great force of Indians under the greatest Indian chief of modern times, the redoubtable Sitting Bull himself. Now it chanced, with a fatality which seemed destined to change all Yellow Hand's plan to convey Ned to the Mexican that Sitting Bull no sooner saw the lad than he demanded that he should be surrendered to himself.

But a few days previously Sitting Bull's adopted son had been shot by a cavalry soldier while attempting to rob a supply train, and the great Sioux chief had vowed that the next white captive who was taken by his braves should be put to the torture to revenge the death of his adopted son. Yellow Hand was a subordinate chief, and subjected to the authority of Sitting Bull. But his desire to obtain the price which the Mexican had promised him for the capture of the boy caused him to protest against Ned's being slain.

But Sitting Bull was determined, and all his warriors save Yellow Hand supported him, and so, despite the protest of the sub-chief, who was looking to his own interest it was decided that Ned should be taken to the summer camp of the Indians, which was not far distant, and there tortured. War Eagle was also to be put to death



at the Indian camp. Ned had heard the decision which the Indians had made, and almost overcome by terror, he was hurried on to Sitting Bull's camp.

The Indian encampment consisted of several hundred tepees, and there were their squaws and families. Ned and War Eagle were conducted to a lodge and left in peace, but closely watched until day dawned. While he lived, Ned would not allow himself to utterly yield to despair. But he suffered untold mental agony. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and at an early hour the guards, who had stood on watch all night at the door of the tepee, entered and led Ned forth.

Then he beheld a strange and terrible sight. Two rows of fiendish Indians, squaws as well as braves, were ranged on the open plain. Between the two lines of savages was formed a narrow lane. The Indians brandished their knives, war clubs and tomahawks, and Ned was placed at the end of the awful gantlet, nearest the tepee, his arms and legs were unbound, and he was ordered to run down the aisle of death.

An awful terror held the poor boy enthralled, and for a moment he remained motionless. But all at once out on the plain at the edge of a clump of trees at some distance from the end of the gantlet Ned caught a glimpse of an object which caused new hope to spring up in his heart, and, bracing himself, he gave a sudden leap and darted down the horrible gantlet between the ranks of the red demons.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Buffalo Bill To The Rescue.

When Buffalo Bill and his two scout comrades set out to attempt the rescue of Ned Bardwell, they experienced no difficulty in following the trail of the Sioux. The Indians had not sought to obliterate their tracks, and indeed their hasty flight would scarcely have admitted of such a proceeding. After riding for a considerable distance upon the trail of Yellow Hand's band, and observing the direction the hostile Sioux were taking, Buffalo Bill said to his two comrades:

"It seems to me, boys, that old Yellow Hand is heading for the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican, and I should not be much surprised if the treacherous greaser had something to do with the attack of the redskins and the capture of the boy. By Jupiter it would be a master stroke for the old rascal to secure Ned and hold him so as to make his own terms with Bardwell about the land."

"Gomez is just the sort of schemer ter hatch such a plot, pard, an' since he is solid with ther reds it ain't no way out o' reason 'cordin' to my mind that ye may have hit on the truth fust pop, Bill," replied Bob Porter.

"Well, if Ned is taken' to old Gomez's ranch his scalp will be saved, since he is worth more to the Mexican alive than dead, that's one consolation," continued Bill. After this the scouts rode on all day, and the night was well advanced when from a cover of a motte or oasis of timber on the plain which had concealed their approach, they discovered the Indian camp under the moonlight.

"You may be sure, boys, the two captives we are in quest of are in that camp. Come, we will dismount, conceal our horses here in the timber and then scout forward and see if we cannot find an opportunity to steal away our friends," said Bill. His two comrades assented to this and they were presently creeping stealthily toward Sitting Bull's encampment, keeping close to the ground in the prairie grass which screened them. But a most careful scout all about the Indian camp gave the three friends the discouraging information that the Indians were alert, and that a double line of guards which they could not hope to pass undetected environed the camp.

Stealing back to the motte the scouts held a consultation, but they were obliged to acknowledge to themselves that it would be useless to attempt to enter the Indian camp that night. The great scout's solicitude for Ned and his Indian friend made the hours of enforced inaction pass slowly to him, but the day dawned at last. Bill felt that a crisis in the fate of the brave boy who had been intrusted to his care was surely approaching.

With keenest interest the concealed scouts watched the Indian camp as the shadows lifted, and out of the sombre shades the tepees of the Sioux were developed more and more distinctly until the whole scene of wild Western life was disclosed under the morning sunlight. The Sioux were seen moving about among their lodges, and Buffalo Bill knew that their activity presaged some event of importance. Soon he saw the Indians range themselves so as to form the lines between which they meant the captive white boy should run before they bound him to the stake.

"The gantlet! The fiends are about to begin the torment of their captives," said Buffalo Bill, in a fierce whisper, and the succeeding moment he saw Ned Bardwell led out of a lodge and placed at the further end of the terrible lane of exultant red demons.

"Mercy! That boy! Lads, Buffalo Bill keeps his pledge and saves that boy or else dies right here with his boots on," uttered the great scout, in intense thrilling tones.

There is one chance in a hundred that he may get through the gantlet, for he is young and as quick as a flash. But see, the poor boy's heart fails him as he looks down the aisle of death. I must let him know we are here. Every Indian eye is turned upon the lad, but he is looking this way. I'll show my head," added Buffalo Bill. Suiting the action to the word he lifted his head above the bushes. He assumed a terrible risk of discovery by the Indians, but they failed to see him.

Not so with Ned. The object which the imperiled boy caught sight of, and which gave him new hope and caused him to suddenly dart down the terrible gantlet, was the face of Buffalo Bill. But Ned knew that he was engaged in a struggle for life. In the excitement of these terrible moments every fear had fled. He was now desperate and determined. Dodging down he darted between the last two Indians and tripped up one of them. The huge fellow fell heavily, while a yell of derision greeted his downfall, and Ned sped away straight as an arrow for the motte in which he had caught sight of Buffalo Bill.



The comrade of the Indian whom Ned had overthrown pressed the boy closely in pursuit, but even yet the Indians did not deem it possible their prisoner could escape, and the whole band came yelling after him, rather enjoying the sport of the chase he was leading them. Ned had almost reached the cover which concealed his friends when the foremost of his pursuers was close upon him. The painted fiend, with an exultant yell, reached forth his hand to seize Ned and drag him back.

But this was not to be. At that supreme moment the rifle of Buffalo Bill cracked, and the Indian fell. Then out of cover, mounted upon their fresh, well-rested horses, dashed Buffalo Bill and his two comrades. Like a flash, so quickly was the act accomplished, the great scout caught Ned up before him on the saddle, and then wheeling his horse, he uttered a defiant shout and dashed away closely followed by Porter and Clark.

The Indians' surprise and rage may be imagined. But they rushed back to their camp and secured their ponies and began a pursuit of the daring scouts. While Buffalo Bill and his comrades were dashing away with Ned, the flap of the lodge in which War Eagle lay was lifted, and a beautiful Indian maid entered.

"Dove Eye! At last I have found you!" exclaimed War Eagle.

"But Dove Eye is a captive, and if the Sioux knew she was here they would slay her. But she will save her beloved," replied the Indian beauty, and drawing a knife from her bosom, she quickly severed his bonds. War Eagle embraced the girl and they exchanged a few words. Then the chief cut an opening in the rear of the lodge and crept away through the tall grass, leaving Dove Eye behind.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—At The Camp Of The U. S. Cavalry.

Buffalo Bill and his comrades soon distanced the pursuing Indians, and they were not long in comprehending that the superior speed of the white man's horses rendered their running them down an impossibility. Finally the Indians reluctantly abandoned the pursuit and set out to return to Sitting Bull's camp. Then Buffalo Bill and his comrades allowed their horses to proceed more leisurely, and while they shaped their course in the direction whence they had come they congratulated Ned on his escape.

"Hello! Yonder comes one redskin all by himself, ridin' like thunder, an' makin' straight for us. By all ther good luck out, he's War Eagle himself!" cried Tony Clark, and at that moment Ned saw his late companion in captivity coming at full speed, mounted on a beautiful jet black pony.

"Good fer old War Eagle. He's cunnin' as a fox and he's managed to give the reds the slip somehow," said Porter, and a moment or so subsequently the friendly chief rode up.

"Wah! Chief heap glad to git here!" said War Eagle as Buffalo Bill grasped his hand while the others welcomed him.

"But how did you escape? I did not think it possible for you to do so?" said Ned presently.

"Dove Eye, the Blackfoot maiden, who is to be the chief's squaw, was a prisoner at Sitting Bull's camp. She come cut chief free when white boy gone. Tell chief she have pony in timber, chief crawl away, get pony, ride quick here," replied War Eagle briefly.

"And do you mean you left your future bride, Dove Eye, at the mercy of Sitting Bull's braves?" asked Buffalo Bill in surprise.

"Yes. But she will get away soon. Dove Eye has two brothers, great braves. They in camp of Sitting Bull. They come painted like Sioux. No one know. Tonight they run away, take Dove Eye with them. They come to soldiers. Then chief meet Dove Eye, be much happy."

"Good enough. I understand the plan, and I hope it will succeed. Did you learn any news in Sitting Bull's camp about the plans of the hostiles?" asked Bill.

"Ugh, yes; Dove Eye say Sitting Bull start great kill all the soldiers, all white settlers."

"I thought so," replied Bill, and then to Ned Bardwell: "In view of the prospect of a general Indian war, Ned, I think the best thing you and your friends of 'The Pluck and Luck Gun Club' can do is to start for home. I feel that it is my duty to so advise you, for if harm befalls any of you I shall always blame myself for allowing you to remain on the plains, and I am sure your parents and those of the other boys will approve my course."

"And do you mean I must give up the attempt to survey father's land? Mr. Cody, I don't like to do that. I like to accomplish what I set out to do, and perhaps we may not be troubled further by the Indians, though I am sure the Mexican, Gomez, means us harm," replied Ned. Then he went on to relate what he had overheard at the time he listened to the conversation between Yellow Hand and the white renegade employed by the Mexican.

"I suspected as much. But what became of the renegade?" asked Bill.

"He left the Indians and started for Gomez's ranch before Yellow Hand heard of the coming of the soldiers."

Then Bill spoke to War Eagle saying:

"Chief, did Dove Eye give you any news of Edith Bland, the settler's daughter who was abducted by the Sioux at the same time as the Indian maid?"

"Yes, Sioux take white squaw to Mexican's ranch. She there now. Young Mexican say make white squaw um wife," replied War Eagle.

"The arch scoundrel! Young Pedro Gomez is as bad as his father. You must know, Ned, old Gomez has a son called Pedro. Edith Bland is a beautiful white girl, the daughter of a settler living near Fort Custer. Dove Eye lived with the Bland Family, and the two girls were stolen away by the Sioux at the same time. I've heard, too, that Pedro Gomez was Edith's rejected suitor," said Buffalo Bill.

"Unfortunate girl. Can we not compel the Mexican to restore her to her parents," said Ned.

"There is no law here save the law of might, and we could not hope to rescue the fair captive of the Mexican save by some ruse to outwit the greasers. If we led the soldiers to Gomez's ranch they would find means to spirit the girl away and avow that she had never been there."



"Wah! War Eagle promise Dove Eye he save white squaw," said the friendly chief. The party rode on conversing further, and at nightfall Bill said:

"We ought to find the scouting party of soldiers with whom I left my boy companions somewhere in this neighborhood. Keep a bright lookout for camp fires, everybody." Perhaps an hour later several campfires were sighted in the distance, and the party with Buffalo Bill rode toward them cautiously at first. When they had assured themselves that the camp of the cavalry force with whom the New York boys had been left was before them they rode forward swiftly, and as may be supposed the joy of Ned's young comrades, when he was safely among them once more, was almost boundless.

The lads crowded around Ned and shook hands with him and congratulated him while they asked any quantity of questions. Presently one of the soldiers told Ned that he had found his surveying outfit where the Indians had lost it on the plains, and Ned was well pleased, though if Buffalo Bill adhered to his determination that the boys should leave the plains at once, it seemed he should not have an opportunity to use the surveying implements. That evening after the excitement attendant upon the return of Buffalo Bill had subsided somewhat, Ned heard the great scout conversing with the captain of the cavalry force.

"Yes," said the latter in the course of the conversation. "I shall now follow up Sitting Bull, supported by several other detachments, and prevent any of the hostilities returning to this part of the Yellowstone country."

"I beg your pardon, but I have been listening to your talk, sir, and I wish to ask you if you think, since you are to follow the Indians, that I should have anything to fear from them were I to make a survey in the neighborhood of Gomez, the Mexican's ranch?" asked Ned, addressing the officer.

"Certainly not, no danger from the reds. They can't get back here this season," replied the soldier confidently.

## CHAPTER IX.—Buffalo Bill In Danger.

"You hear that, Mr. Cody? Now surely you will not insist on my returning home with my boy comrades until I have made the survey my father is so anxious about," said Ned, turning to Buffalo Bill eagerly.

"Well, the captain's information regarding the plan of the campaign against the redskins certainly places matters in a new light," replied the scout, smiling.

"Then let's consider it settled that we are to make the survey as we originally intended," urged Ned.

"All right, let it be so, and yet somehow I feel as though you were going to run into danger," assented Bill. Ned was delighted. He was a resolute youth, and he was never inclined to readily accept defeat. Then, too, he had some pride in the matter. He did not wish to be compelled to return to his father and acknowledge he had failed.

Early the ensuing morning a messenger from Fort Smith came into the camp of the cavalry force with dispatches for the commander. We are writing of the summer of 1876, a period fraught with great interest as the time of the great Indian war in the Northwest. After reading his dispatches, the cavalry officer said to Buffalo Bill:

"I am in receipt of orders from General Carr, telling me to unite at once with the Fifth cavalry, which is coming up the valley. At last the government seems to have awakened to the fact that a general outbreak of the Northwestern tribes is coming. And I have further news. Rain-in-the-face, the murderous Sioux chief whom General Custer captured, and has been holding a prisoner awaiting trial at Fort Lincoln, has escaped, and he has sent word to Custer that he has sworn to kill him!"

"Ha! I know Rain-in-the-face, and he is a bad, bloodthirsty scoundrel. But Custer can afford to laugh at his threats," said Bill, little thinking what terrible events were soon to take place there in the far Northwest where Sitting Bull's legions were massing themselves for the fray. An hour later the soldiers were on the march westward, and Buffalo Bill and his party turned their horses in the direction of Gomez's ranch again. They had obtained an excellent supply of everything they needed from the soldiers, and so they did not much miss the supplies of which the Indians had plundered them.

The Blackfoot chief, War Eagle, was the only one of the party who did not seem cheerful. He was troubled at the failure of Dove Eye and her brothers to join him at the soldiers' camp, and finally he announced that he would make a scout in the direction of Sitting Bull's band, and try to ascertain the cause of Dove Eye not coming. Buffalo Bill knew War Eagle could take care of himself and that it would be useless to advise him not to leave the party. So he permitted him to ride away and he was soon lost to the view of his friends.

The scout chief had promised the New York boys a buffalo hunt that day, as "signs" had been discovered, and before noon a small herd of bison was sighted. At once the boys were all excitement. Ned was the only one of the New Yorkers who had ever hunted big game, and all were anxious to bring down a buffalo. They approached the buffalo from the windward and came quite near the herd before the latter took the alarm.

The herd was led by one of the finest bulls Bill had ever beheld, and he determined to single out the splendid animal for himself. Bill gave the word, and just as the buffaloes were turning to run the boy hunters and their comrades galloped toward them at full speed with their rifles ready for a shot. Away raced the buffalo. The herd soon became separated and Ned presently found himself chasing a fine animal, and in the excitement of the hunt he went on and on until a clump of trees hid him from his comrades. The buffalo plunged over a ridge, and was out of sight a moment later. Still Ned followed him and a race of several miles finally brought him within range. Ned leveled his rifle and took aim just behind the fore shoulder of the buffalo. The report of the lad's gun rang out and the buffalo fell. Almost at the same instant two Indians leaped up from the



concealment of a wallow near by and leveled their guns at him, while one called out in broken English:

"White boy drop gun no kill."

Ned had fired the last shot from his rifle, and the revolver in his belt was empty, for he had thrown away many bullets in the buffalo hunt. The boy had no choice in the matter, and so he dropped his gun, and the Indians quickly came forward and took his other weapons. Then one of them led his horse toward an adjacent timber while the other followed, keeping the gun leveled at the boy. In the timber the Indians, who were Sioux, had ponies concealed, and mounting them they set off to the northward with Ned riding between them. That night when they went into camp Ned finally fell asleep, and yet he was in a terrible state of dread and fear. He was awakened by a stifled yell, and starting up he saw his two captors lying dead beside the camp fire. They had been surprised and slain while they slept, and their skulls were cleft with the bole of a hatchet. Ned saw three strange Indians by the camp fire, and one of them was a beautiful Indian girl. The boy had been bound hand and foot, and he partially raised himself and said:

"It is Dove Eye who has come."

Ned recollected what War Eagle had told of his escape the moment he saw the Indian girl, and as she was accompanied by two young braves, he thought he might be reasonably certain as to her identity.

"Yes, I am Dove Eye. You are War Eagle's white boy friend who was at the camp of Sitting Bull. I am on my way to find War Eagle. My brothers have killed your Sioux captors, and now you shall go with us. But roving bands of Sioux are all about and we must make you look like an Indian if we would save you," said the Indian girl.

Then her brother liberated Ned, and quickly painted and fully disguised him as an Indian, and they mounted and rode southward. But they had not gone far when they were halted by a band of villainous looking white men who rode out of a coppice. Their leader said:

"Hello, Sioux! We must invite ye to go with us to Gomez's ranch. He sent us out with orders to bring in any of Sitting Bull's band we came across, as he wants to ask what has become of a white boy Yellow Hand captured. Gomez will give you firewater and ammunition, so you won't regret your visit."

"We must go or their suspicions will be aroused," whispered Dove Eye to her brothers in her own language, and they assented.

A moment later, in an agony of fear lest the secret of his identity might be discovered, Ned was riding along among the white ruffians, bound for the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican. Meanwhile the chase of the splendid bull had carried Buffalo Bill far away from his comrades. Suddenly the hard pressed and maddened animal wheeled and charged straight at Bill. At the same moment his horse fell and Bill was pinned under the animal. His rifle fell from his grasp and his revolver was thrown from his belt as he pitched off his horse, and the weapon fell at some distance in the grass. It seemed to Bill that his left leg was crushed under his horse. The animal could not rise and Bill could not extricate himself. In despair he drew his hunting knife, for that

was the only weapon left him, and he meant to defend himself against the bull, though he believed he was doomed.

But suddenly two mounted Indians, who had made their ponies lay down in the tall grass, sprang up into view and came charging forward, but instead of rushing to kill Buffalo Bill, the Indians, who wished to take the great scout alive, attacked the buffalo. They separated, and one dashing up on either side of the buffalo they brought the maddened animal down by means of arrows and revolvers just as he had almost reached Buffalo Bill. Then the great scout knew he was at the mercy of his red enemies—powerless to make a show of defense even, and he wondered with a thrill of horror what his fate would be.

## CHAPTER X.—Ned Bardwell at the Mexicans' Ranch.

The band of white outlaws who were in the service of Gomez, the Mexican ranchero, rode steadily in the direction of their employer's ranch with Ned Bardwell and his Indian friends, Dove Eye and her two brothers, clad in full Sioux war costume, in their midst. As Ned rode forward with the rude band of cowboys and border ruffians he could but listen to their conversation, and he gathered the information that they knew a general Indian war was about to open, but that they had no fear of the consequences to themselves—on account of the friendship of the Sioux for Gomez. The journey to the Mexicans' ranch soon led through the most beautiful and fertile portion of the lovely valley of the Yellowstone, and Ned wondered not that such a man as Gomez, the Mexican, should seek, by any means, to possess himself of that grand and in every way most desirable land. At last in the distance to the north Ned saw a large building, and near it were a number of smaller structures and outbuildings.

"Yonder is the ranch of the Mexican to whom the Sioux took the white maiden who was to Dove Eye like a sister. In the Mexican chief's house Edith, the white maiden, dwells a captive, and Dove Eye would save her," whispered the Indian girl, who rode at Ned's side as the lonely prairie ranch came in sight.

"Count on me to help you, Dove Eye, if I get a chance," replied Ned, in the same low tone.

"But perhaps I shall soon find myself in captivity. If the Mexican discovers who I am I am sure I shall," he added.

"You must not be found out. You cannot speak the Sioux language, and as there are white renegades at the Mexican's ranch who are familiar with the Sioux tongue you must be speechless, deaf and dumb," said Dove Eye, whose residence with the whites before her capture by the Sioux had enabled her to acquire the English language well.

"I understand. You are a bright one, Dove Eye. Bright in more senses than one," answered Ned, regarding the beautiful Indian girl admiringly.

Soon Gomez's ranch was reached by the party. As Ned and his party rode up to the stockade about the Mexican's ranch, a large gate was opened from within, and several men, among whom Ned recognized the renegade whom he had



heard conversing with Yellow Hand, the Sioux. The cowboys rode into the yard with Ned and the three Indians, and upon the veranda of the house within the lad saw a tall, dark man, clad in a Mexican costume of velvet and wearing a Mexican sombrero. Great mustachios covered the Mexican's upper lip. There were gold glittering rings in his ears, and at once Ned thought the man must be the Mexican, Miguel Gomez, himself. Such was the fact, and the Mexican called out, with scarcely a trace of dialect in his speech, as he saw the Indians with his men.

"Ah, Gomez, the Mexican friend of the Sioux, welcomes his Indian brothers. Come forward, for I would ask if you can tell me why my friend, Yellow Hand, has not brought me the white boy whom he took a prisoner."

Dove Eye's two brothers rode up to the veranda, and one of them said:

"Ugh! Red Thunder tell quick, then go. Heap hurry to join great chief Sitting Bull on the warpath. Yellow Hand take white boy to Sitting Bull's camp. There he will kill him."

"Diablo! That must not be. Alive the white boy is worth a fortune to me. Why did not Yellow Hand keep his word and bring the boy to me? Ah, I think the old savage, Sitting Bull, must have prevented his doing so," said Gomez, half aloud.

Then he cried:

"Saul Ferret and you, Rocky Marks!"

The renegade whom Ned had recognized and another wild, desperate-looking fellow came to the Mexican quickly.

"You know the location of Sitting Bull's summer camp. Ride for it quickly, and tell Sitting Bull if he will send the white boy to me, I'll give him the gold he needs to purchase the arms he is so anxious to procure without delay," said the Mexican.

"All right."

"We'll be off at once."

Thus replied the two border desperadoes, and a moment later they were mounted and riding away over the plains, while the Mexican said to the two Indians:

"Can you tell me anything of Buffalo Bill and his party?"

"Ugh, no. Great white scout join horse soldier who drive away Yellow Hand," replied one of Dove Eye's brothers.

During this delay, a dark, rather handsome but evil-eyed young Mexican youth of twenty-one or thereabouts, came out of the house.

"Ah, Pedro, my son, I've news of the white lad," said Gomez, and then he spoke rapidly in Spanish.

But the young Mexican had caught sight of Dove Eye. As intimated, Gomez's son had been a suitor for the hand of Edith Bland, the white girl, in whose family Dove Eye had lived. At Edith's home, Pedro Gomez had seen the Indian maiden many times, and he now recognized her. Pedro Gomez was a cruel and desperate fellow, and at that moment, Edith Bland, whom the Sioux had abducted for him as we know, was a prisoner in his fathers' house, just as Dove Eye had said. Edith Bland, after receiving Pedro Gomez's addresses for a time, until she discovered his real character, had then rejected him. But the young Mexican vowed Edith should become his bride, and it was to that end that he now held her a captive. Pedro knew that Dove Eye had

been captured by the Sioux, and he understood that Yellow Hand intended her for his squaw. The young Mexican thought it strange that Dove Eye should be trusted so far from the Indian village with only three warriors, neither of whom he had ever seen before, though he was familiar with the faces of all Yellow Hand's band. Perhaps a vague suspicion entered the mind of the Mexican; at all events, as Dove Eye with Ned and her two brothers now turned to ride out of the ranch yard, Pedro sprang forward and exclaimed:

"One moment. I want to ask you, Dove Eye, how it comes Yellow Hand trusts his stolen chief so far from his camp?"

"Yellow Hand is not afraid to trust his own braves with the safety of Dove Eye," replied the Indian girl, as she pulled up her horse.

"But these braves do not belong to Yellow Hand's band," said Pedro doubtfully.

"The braves who are Dove Eye's escort are new members of Yellow Hand's band. Braves from other tribes are constantly joining to go on the warpath against the whites."

Thus speaking, Dove Eye urged her horse toward the gate in the stockade which stood wide open, and Ned Bardwell and the two Indians followed closely.

"I am half a mind to detain them. Somehow I think there is something wrong," muttered Pedro.

Dove Eye and her companions had almost reached the open gate beside which stood a group of cowboys, when suddenly an Indian hanging over the back of his pony in an attitude which told he was wounded dashed through the gate. The new arrival suddenly drew himself up, and as his eyes fell upon Dove Eye and her companions he shouted:

"Shut gate. No let anyone out. White boy here dressed like Sioux!"

"Mercy!" gasped Dove Eye, recognizing the wounded Indian. "That brave is one of the two we left for dead when we rescued you, Ned."

Even as she spoke, Pedro shouted:

"Close and secure the gate."

It was done.

## CHAPTER XI.—Buffalo Bill a Captive.

They were fairly caught. Gomez and his son now came rushing forward in great excitement, and in answer to a call which the senior Mexican blew on a silver whistle, a throng of his men came from their quarters in the ranch yard. The wounded Sioux Indian who had arrived at the most inopportune moment was immediately questioned by the Mexican.

"Explain yourself, Swift Foot," cried Pedro Gomez, who had recognized the Sioux as a warrior of Sitting Bull's tribe who had often visited the ranch.

"Ugh, Swift Foot was left for dead by those Blackfoot curs who wear the Sioux garb. Swift Foot and a brother had captured a white boy and they were sleeping when the Blackfoot snakes surprised and tomahawked them. When they were gone with the white boy, who was dressed like a Sioux with the garb of Swift Foot's slain brother, the chief followed them and he found a stray pony which ran away from the Indian



camp. Swift Foot mounted the pony and followed the enemies here."

"Father, that seeming young Indian must be the white boy of whom Swift Foot speaks. Oh, if he should prove to be that Bardwell lad!" cried Pedro.

"Dismount, boy," said Gomez, Sr., turning to Ned.

There was nothing to be gained by a contrary course, and so Ned obeyed the Mexican's order, and alighted from his horse at once. Then old Gomez addressed a couple of cowboys by name, saying:

"Take him into the house, remove his disguise, wash the paint from his face and then bring him forth."

As the old Mexican spoke, Ned, whose glance was roving about everywhere like that of an animal at bay seeking some avenue of escape, suddenly started. At one of the upper windows of the ranch house he at that instant caught a glimpse of a beautiful girlish face. Rarely lovely was the maiden at the window, with hair like spun gold, eyes of deepest limpid blue, and every feature the ideal of all that is perfection in female beauty. Ned presumed at once that the girl at the window was the Mexican's fair captive, Edith Bland, and never had the chivalrous and rather susceptible young New Yorker beheld a face which impressed him so deeply at the first glance.

The two cowboys hurried Ned into the house and a few moments later he was led out again, clad in some of the rough garments of the cowboys, his frank, handsome face cleansed of the paint which had made him look like an Indian. And so Ned Bardwell, in his proper personality, was led by the two cowboys before old Gomez and his son.

"Your name?" demanded Gomez, Sr.

Ned made signals to indicate that he was dumb.

"Bah! I am sure he is shamming. He certainly does not look like a deaf mute," said Pedro.

"Well, we will make him speak. Jerry, give him a taste of your rawhide. We'll loosen his tongue," replied old Gomez, and he turned to a fierce-looking, red-faced cowboy who stood near him with a heavy cattle whip in his hand.

The fellow darted forward and seized Ned by the collar. But quick as a flash the agile youth, who was an expert athlete and boxer, dealt him a heavy blow full in the face which felled him to the ground. At the same instant Dove Eye leaned forward from her horse, which she had urged to Ned's side, and thrust a revolver into his hand. As the discomfited cowboy scrambled to his feet uttering fierce threats Ned leveled the revolver which Dove Eye had given full at him and cocked the weapon with a sharp, warning click. The fellow was about to rush at Ned, but the sight of his weapon acted magically, and instead of making an assault the cowboy sprang backward.

"Disarm him, men!" cried Gomez, Sr., furiously.

But at a signal from Dove Eye her two brothers ranged themselves beside Ned, and with a sudden bound he leaped upon his horse, which one of the Indians led. Dove Eye fell in the rear, and the cowboys closed up between her and Ned and her

brothers. The attention of all was turned upon Ned and the two friendly Blackfoot braves, and for the moment, at least, Dove Eye was forgotten. With the true cunning of her race Dove Eye urged her horse quietly forward to the gate. There was no one there to guard the entrance now. All the cowboys had advanced to surround Ned Bardwell and the Indian girl's two brothers.

Dove Eye meant to improve the opportunity and open the gate to enable Ned and her brothers to escape. Reaching the gate, she alighted from her horse, and in a moment she had drawn the bar that secured the gate. Then the devoted Indian girl opened the barrier and as the gate swung upon its hinges she again leaped lightly upon the pony. As the gate swung to its furthest limit Dove Eye was about to utter a cry which would cause Ned and her brothers to see she had opened the way for their flight, when suddenly she turned white as death, the cry she had been about to utter died away on her lips and she reeled in her saddle—reeled and seemed for an instant about to fall. But no, Dove Eye was an Indian, and although she was startled and despairing she quickly recovered and retained her seat on the pony.

But what had she seen? Coming at full speed, just a short distance beyond the gate of the stockade, for which they were certainly aiming, Dove Eye saw a band of mounted men. Saul Ferret and his white comrade, whom Gomez had dispatched to Sitting Bull's camp, led the van of the approaching party, and although there were a score or more horsemen, all the others, with one single exception, were Sioux Indians. The one white man, who, beside the two renegades, rode with the Indians, was a captive, and he was bound hand and foot upon his horse. At one glance, as she saw with sickening despair that the approaching men would cut off the escape of herself and companions Dove Eye also recognized the white captive of the Sioux, for he was none other than the great scout king, Buffalo Bill himself! And years before Miguel Gomez had vowed to kill the noble scout.

## CHAPTER XII.—Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull Face to Face.

In order to explain the appearance of Buffalo Bill a prisoner with the band of Sioux warriors led by Gomez the Mexican's lawless renegades, we must return to the great scout at the moment when we last saw him. When the two Indians who had so suddenly dashed out of the gully after Buffalo Bill fell under his horse, and lay with only a hunting knife to defend himself while the maddened buffalo bull was charging at him, had slain the buffalo as recounted, they approached the fallen scout. They were wildly exultant over the capture of the man who had long been the terror of Indians, and who it was reported among them, bore a charmed life.

"Wah! White chief give knife," said one of the Indians approaching Bill.

"I reckon it's no use to me under the circumstances, redskin, and so the weapon's yours," replied Buffalo Bill coolly.

He dropped his hunting knife as he spoke, and the Indian immediately secured it. Then Bill



was entirely disarmed, but before offering to extricate him from his painful position, for he was held firmly by the weight of his fallen horse, the Indians bound the scout's hands behind his back. When the Indians had bound Bill to their satisfaction they deliberately proceeded to get the fallen horse on his feet. With some difficulty this was at length accomplished, and it was found that his fall had broken none of the fine animal's bones.

"White scout mount horse," ordered one of the Indians, as soon as Bill's animal was on his feet.

Bill limped forward painfully, and the Indians assisted him to the back of the horse. At first Bill thought that he had sustained a broken leg, but as he was compelled to ride forward between his captors, he soon found that he had escaped without any broken bones. The Indians made for their camp, and a few hours' ride enabled them to reach it. The war party to which the two Indians who had captured Buffalo Bill when an accident rendered him unable to defend himself belonged were on their way to Sitting Bull's camp. After the arrival of the two Indians with Buffalo Bill, the braves, who numbered a score, held a council, and decided after some discussion to take the great scout to Sitting Bull's camp.

They started at once, and were still on the march for the headquarters of the great Sioux leader, when they encountered the two men whom Gomez, the Mexican, had dispatched with a message for Sitting Bull. The two white renegades persuaded the Indians to conduct Buffalo Bill to the Mexican's ranch. They assured them that Gomez was the scout's implacable enemy, and that he would be rejoiced to see Buffalo Bill a captive at their mercy. An instant after Dove Eye discovered the approach of Buffalo Bill and his captors she regained the presence of mind which had momentarily deserted her. Then a shrill scream burst from her lips, and hearing it, Ned Bardwell and his two Indian friends turned and saw the gate open.

Instantly they made a furious dash straight through the ranks of the cowboys who were gathered about them. So sudden was the onset that in a moment Ned and his comrades were out of the circle of their foes. Through the gate swept the escaping ones, and Dove Eye dashed away with them. A chorus of yells from the approaching Sioux greeted the appearance of Ned and his fellow fugitives beyond the walls of the stockade. But they dashed madly on, bending forward and over their ponies' necks and urging the fleet animals to put forth all their speed. Buffalo Bill saw and recognized Ned Bardwell. The scout was astounded, and he could not explain to himself Ned's presence there. But in a ringing voice he shouted:

"Ride for your life, Ned! Throw yourself along the side of your horse on the side away from the reds with one leg over the animal's back. The reds will fire in a moment!"

It was not until he heard his voice that Ned saw Buffalo Bill. Then, however, he espied him and discovered that he was a captive. Ned's heart sank, and a dreadful feeling of despair came upon him. But in obedience to the command of the scout, Ned instantly threw himself alongside of his horse, Indian fashion. As he did so the rifles of the hostile Indians began to crack. Bullets whistled over Ned's horse, and presently,

despite their efforts to evade them, they were surrounded by the fiercely yelling Sioux. Overpowered by numbers, Ned and his companions were captured and carried back to the ranch of the Mexican. The vindictive old Mexican was rejoiced to see Buffalo Bill a prisoner in the hands of the Indians, and he taunted the helpless captive in an insulting way, and struck him a cowardly blow in the face.

"You will pay for all this some day, Miguel Gomez," hissed the great scout through his clenched teeth, while his face grew livid with impotent rage.

About three hours after the arrival at the Mexican's ranch of the Indians with Buffalo Bill there was another surprise there. Sitting Bull, the greatest of all Indian war chiefs, himself arrived there. The runner sent by Buffalo Bill's captors had met the chief and a small scouting party on the plains, and Sitting Bull at once turned to go to meet the scout's captors, and finding their trail, he had followed them to the Mexican's ranch. Immediately after his arrival Sitting Bull was closeted with Gomez and his son, and then Buffalo Bill, with his hands bound behind his back, was escorted into the presence of the trio by four redskins. Sitting Bull ordered Bill to seat himself at a desk upon which there was writing material, and Bill's hands were unbound.

"Now, write a message to General Custer, who is at Fort Lincoln, telling him that I have but a small force with me, and advise him to make a swift march up the Big Horn, as he can then surprise and capture me. Sign your name to the dispatch, and be quick about it," commanded Sitting Bull sternly and in excellent English.

"What! Betray the gallant Custer into an ambush! Never!" cried Buffalo Bill.

"Write or die!" thundered Sitting Bull, pressing a revolver at the scout's head.

"Death before dishonor! Shoot if you dare!" cried the noble scout.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Five of the New York Boys Alone on the Plains.

We left the New York boys, who were the comrades of Buffalo Bill and Ned Bardwell, in pursuit of the herd of buffaloes, which scattered, and caused the great scout and Ned to disappear, chasing the animals which they had severally set out to run down. Naturally, our young New Yorkers were all very much excited, for this was their first buffalo hunt, and they entered into the spirit of the thrilling sport with all the ardor of true lovers of the chase. The hostile Indians were for the time forgotten, and no thought of the dangers which lurked about them, for we know the Sioux were in the neighborhood, troubled the young sportsmen.

All rode in pursuit of such animals as they chanced to single out, and they were soon widely separated. But after a few hours, when several buffaloes had been brought down by the most expert marksmen of the party, the boys came together again. But, of course, Buffalo Bill and Ned Bardwell did not return to the party, and the boys were somewhat troubled. But they were inclined to think that the great scout and Ned Bardwell were in company, and so, as they en-



tertain little fear of Buffalo Bill's ability to take care of himself and his comrade, the boys did not become very anxious about the two absent ones at first. However as the hours passed and Buffalo Bill and Ned did not return, the five lads became very solicitous about them, and the impression gradually came to their minds that something serious had occurred, else their two comrades would have returned. Tom Dickson voiced the opinion which had now established itself in the minds of all, saying:

"It must be, fellows, that Buffalo Bill and Ned Bardwell have fallen into the power of the Indians or met their death at the redskins' hands."

"Yes, I agree with you, Tom," replied Joe Cunningham. "For, of course, Bill and Ned would not desert us in this way if they could help it."

"It's no use to try to look for Buffalo Bill and Ned. God help them if they have met the Indians. I think the only sensible thing left for us to do is to strike southward and try to find the United States cavalry force we previously met," said Harry Kirk.

"You are right, Harry," assented Tom Dickson, and the other lads being of the same opinion, after a short consultation the young New Yorkers turned their horses' heads southward.

The night became very dark as the boys rode steadily southward. The sky was overcast, and as there was danger of their wandering from the southerly course which they desired to maintain, they finally resolved to camp until the morning. The party drew rein beside a buffalo wallow, and having kindled a small fire in the bottom of the hollow, whence its radiance could not be seen far, the lads produced food and were soon making a hearty meal. Coffee was boiled over the camp fire, and when the flame had thus served its purpose it was extinguished. But this precaution was taken too late. A band of Sioux warriors on their way to the rendezvous of Sitting Bull, detected the reflection of the fire on the blackness of the surrounding gloom. And at the moment when the little fire was extinguished the Indians were stealthily riding toward it.

The red warriors meditated a surprise, but the good genius of the young sportsmen must have been abroad that night, for their mustangs gave them warning. The instinct of the animals told them of the approach of their species, and they neighed and were answered by the ponies of the Indians. At once the boys took the alarm, and rushing to their horses, they hastily mounted and dashed away. Concealment was no longer the policy of the Indians, and with ringing yells they started in pursuit of our young friends. A wild, exciting race through the impenetrable darkness ensued. After a run of many miles it became evident to the boys that their savage pursuers were gaining upon them.

Then the white outlines of an army tent, that seemed to catch and hold the reflection of a camp fire, developed out of the night. A shout of delight went up from the boy fugitives, for they knew that rare good fortune, or the unseen guiding hand of a kind Providence, had led them to the encampment of the United States cavalry scouting company. The soldiers sprang to arms as the boys dashed into camp, and a volley from their rifles sent the Indians scampering away as

fast as they had come. The Sioux were not in a force to fight a company of cavalry, and soon their disappointed yells died away in the distance. Quickly the boys told of the loss of Buffalo Bill and Ned Bardwell, and the captain determined to take a scout northward.

There was no further occurrence worthy of record at the camp of the cavalry force during the night, and at the first light of dawn the captain ordered his men to take the saddle. The New York boys rode northward with the soldiers, and the forenoon went by thus without incident. But as the hot sun of mid-day looked down upon the fair summer scene a discovery was made. The place where Buffalo Bill was captured was found. The great scout's revolver was picked up, and his tracks and those of the Indians were detected. The cavalry force pressed forward, and suddenly coming upon a buffalo wallow, they discovered two Indians hiding there. In a moment the wallow was surrounded. Then a great discovery was made. One of the Indians proved to be the celebrated chief, "Crazy Horse," the great friend and ally of Sitting Bull. Crazy Horse was wounded in the leg, but his companion was all right. The latter had remained with the chief because his wound rendered him weak and unable to travel.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—War Eagle on the Trail.

It is necessary that we should now follow Buffalo Bill's friendly Indian "pard," War Eagle, the Blackfoot chief. When War Eagle left the great scout's party, before the latter sighted the buffalo herd and engaged in the hunt which resulted so disastrously, the friendly Indian shaped his course in the direction of Sitting Bull's village. War Eagle, though an Indian, was possessed of a true and loyal nature, and he was now ready to meet and bravely face any peril for the sake of Dove Eye, the beautiful maid of his tribe with whom he had plighted his troth. War Eagle was quite sure that Dove Eye's brothers would rescue the maiden, but as we know he was anxious since they failed to join him.

The Indian as he pursued his way was alert and watchful, and he journeyed stealthily. Night overtook him, and he camped without making a fire, and made a meal of the food he had brought with him. In the morning War Eagle made a scout in several directions, hoping to find the trail of Dove Eye and her brothers. But the chief spent some time in vain quest. At length, however, diligence was rewarded. He discovered the camp of Ned Bardwell's Indian captors, and he found the tracks Dove Eye and her brothers made when they came there, surprised the Sioux and rescued the boy. The body of one of the Sioux lay where Dove Eye's brothers had left it, and the Indian read all the signs as readily and correctly as the white man reads the printed page of a book. He understood all that had taken place.

"Ugh, Dove Eye's brothers great braves. Wah! Now War Eagle follow them," said the friendly chief, well pleased at his discovery.

Then he took up the trail of his dusky sweetheart and her companions, and swiftly followed it until he came to the place where they had en-



countered the band of men from the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican. Here, again, War Eagle's knowledge came to his instruction. He saw that the white men and Dove Eye's party had united. There was no sign of a fight, and the chief decided that the two parties had gone on in company in a friendly way. But War Eagle was now alarmed. He knew that Gomez, the Mexican, was the friend of the Sioux, and that Sitting Bull was on the best of terms with the ranchero. Seeing that the trail led toward the ranch of the Mexican, War Eagle knew that Dove Eye and her brothers must have gone there, and Ned Bardwell with them.

War Eagle followed the trail, and it led him to the neighborhood of Gomez's ranch. There was now no shadow of doubt in his mind that those whom he sought were there. The chief wished to determine if Dove Eye and her companions really were, as he feared, held captives at the Mexican's ranch. Lurking in an adjacent clump of timber, War Eagle watched the Mexican's ranch, while he waited for night to come again. Under cover of the darkness he meant to go forward to the ranch and seek to secretly gain an entrance there. If Dove Eye and her companions were captives, the chief was resolved that he would attempt to rescue them. All at once the chief saw a half-breed boy coming from the Mexican's ranch and approaching his cover, near which several steers that had wandered from a herd the boy had been watching had strayed. The concealed Indian's eyes brightened and an expression of satisfaction came upon his swarthy features as he saw the boy.

"Ugh! He is Poncho!" muttered War Eagle.

As the boy approached nearer the chief called out his name.

"Who speaks?" answered the lad, appearing somewhat startled.

"War Eagle, your friend. Come into the cover."

The lad obeyed. An interview ensued between the friendly chief and Poncho, during which the latter acquainted War Eagle with the exciting incidents which had recently transpired at the Mexican's ranch. Then War Eagle knew the exact state of affairs. That Buffalo Bill, Ned, Dove Eye, and her brothers were all captives. That Sitting Bull's Sioux had captured the great scout. How Dove Eye's brothers and Ned were betrayed, and all that the reader already knows.

"Poncho," said War Eagle solemnly, "the chief's heart is sad. He must save his squaw and his friends or die with them. Will you help?"

"War Eagle was a good friend to Poncho when he was so little that he could not get his own bread. War Eagle gave Poncho food and protected him. Poncho belongs to the chief, and he will do what he may tell him gladly," replied the half-breed boy, opening wide his great black eyes and looking up into the chief's face earnestly.

"Good! We will plot against Sitting Bull and Gomez to save my friends. You have the cunning of both the white and red race, Poncho. I know you are sometimes called 'the Fox' by your mother's people, the Blackfeet. You shall prove if you deserve the name," said War Eagle.

Then he and Poncho conversed earnestly for a few moments. War Eagle grew more hopeful as he developed his plot. His eyes flashed and his voice was thrilling in its intensity. Poncho listened with parted lips, eager and breathless.

But, meanwhile, the course of events transpiring at the Mexican's ranch were unchecked. Still Buffalo Bill stood in the shadow of doom.

## CHAPTER XV.—The Span of Life Measured by the Sand of an Hour Glass.

The scene of our story shifted at the moment when Buffalo Bill, in the Mexican ranch, and at the mercy of his red and white foes, breathed a heroic defiance. We recall the scene for a moment. Buffalo Bill sprang up from the table at which Sitting Bull had ordered him to seat himself and write a lying message for General Custer which would lead that gallant officer into a fatal ambush.

"What! Betray Custer into an ambush? Never! You can murder me, but you cannot make me a traitor!" reiterated Bill.

Sitting Bull was amazed. The Mexicans were astounded.

"The white scout is a great brave. But when he is in the fire—when his flesh burns—ah, we shall see him turn squaw. The scout shall write as the Sioux wishes, if not now, then at the stake. Sitting Bull has spoken," said the chief.

"Ha! You have the idea that was in my mind. Dios! We shall have the power of inquisition put upon him as was used to make the obdurate speak in the middle ages!" said Gomez.

"And the Sioux will make excellent inquisitors. Diablo! They will not spare him," said Pedro.

At that moment Saul Ferret, the white renegade, entered the room.

"Chief," said he, addressing Sitting Bull, "I'll tell yer how to make Buffalo Bill write as yer want him to."

"How?" demanded the Sioux eagerly.

Saul Ferret whispered his answer. Sitting Bull started, an exultant look flashed over his fierce face, and he said:

"No; he is my prisoner," said the Mexican.

"Bring in the white boy."

"How long, think you, your ranch would stand were Sitting Bull to bring his warriors against it? Know you, white chief, Sitting Bull is ruler here. War is declared. You are only my vassal! I protect you—I require your obedience! Bring in the boy!" thundered the Indian king.

A moment and Ned Bardwell was marched into the room between Ferret, the renegade, and an Indian.

"Buffalo Bill! Mr. Cody!" cried Ned, springing to the scout's side.

"Ned—Ned! Ah, my boy, we meet in the midst of awful danger. I promised your father on my honor, on my life, that I would bring you back to him in safety. God forgive me, I never anticipated what was to come when I made that promise," said the scout in a voice of intense emotion.

"Braves," said Sitting Bull sternly, "bind the boy to yonder pillar."

He pointed at a log pillar which served to support the roof of the room. Ned was torn from the scout's side and led to the pillar. The Indian stood the boy against it and bound him in an erect position. Then Sitting Bull ordered all the Indians in the room to retreat to the further end of the apartment and level their rifles at Ned.



"Now," said the Sioux chief in tones of fiendish triumph, as he picked up an hour glass, "braves, you will shoot to kill the white boy, unless to save him Buffalo Bill write as I wish."

Ned uttered a gasp of terror as he faced the deadly tubes leveled at his heart by the Indians. The dilemma was a terrible one. A shudder thrilled through the nerves of Buffalo Bill as he contemplated the choice of alternatives offered him. The sand had almost run out of the hour glass when Sitting Bull raised it in his hands. In five minutes it would be empty. The falling sand measured the span of Ned Bardwell's life if the scout failed to write as the Indian chief willed. The Mexicans, father and son, had shrunk away into a corner when Sitting Bull proclaimed his authority. The cowardly Mexicans knew that the Sioux war chief had only to give the signal to bring a thousand howling savages down upon the ranch. They were forced to acknowledge that they were really in the chief's power, and so they made no pretext to save Ned, though they were bitterly disappointed, as they feared their plan to make Ned's father ransom him by giving them his land must fail.

"Will you write?" demanded Sitting Bull, when at last it seemed that the respite of the imperiled boy, as measured by the sand in the hour glass, was limited to a single brief moment.

Buffalo Bill looked upon Ned Bardwell's innocent young face compassionately. The lad's features were pale as death, and they wore an expression of supplication. The look was one of mute entreaty, but the brave boy would not speak to urge the noble scout to sacrifice his honor to save him. Ned Bardwell's thoughts were such as only come under circumstances of dire peril, when it seems that hope is useless, and that life is about to end. His eyes met Buffalo Bill's. The two brave spirits read each other's souls. The scout uttered a groan. He could not see Ned die, come what might.

"Fiend! Monster!" he hissed at Sitting Bull as he saw the exultant savage smiling in triumph.

As the scout last spoke the door was dashed open and an Indian runner, breathless with swift travel, burst into the room, and at the same time Sitting Bull said:

"Write, Buffalo Bill, and you and the boy shall both be saved."

"Chief!" shouted the runner who had just arrived, "Crazy Horse is a captive in the power of the whites, and they sent me to tell you if Buffalo Bill or the white boy was harmed they would kill Crazy Horse. The whites offer to exchange Crazy Horse for scout and boy."

"Thank God!" cried Ned Bardwell fervently.

But at that instant a revolver in the hands of someone in the room exploded, and, clasping both hands to his temple, Buffalo Bill uttered a terrible cry and fell face downward at the feet of Ned Bardwell.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—"Who Fired the Cowardly Shot?"

As soon as the soldiers, who, in company with the five New York boys, were riding on the trail of Buffalo Bill and his captive, discovered Crazy Horse, the Sioux chief, and the one warrior who was with him in the buffalo wallow, they sur-

rounded the place. The wounded chief and his comrade threw down their arms and surrendered without attempting resistance, recognizing the futility of any other course. The cavalry captain at once questioned the two Indians, and from their statements he gathered that while they were buffalo hunting that day the chief's pony had stumbled into a dog hole and thrown his rider, dislocating his ankle and occasioning a serious wound. When the accident occurred Crazy Horse was at a long distance from his comrades. He had lain where he had fallen until just before the arrival of the cavalry. The Indian found with him had ridden up and discovered him—the Indian who found the wounded chief was a trained runner, who had been on a scout southward. Discovering the cavalymen too late to get away from the buffalo wallow, the runner had remained there with the chief in the hope that the whites would pass without discovering them.

Having learned all this, the cavalry officer proceeded to question Crazy Horse, seeking to learn where Buffalo Bill had been taken by his captors. Now, Crazy Horse was really ignorant of the knowledge that the great white chief had been captured, but the crafty Indian concealed his ignorance. He hoped to turn the capture of Buffalo Bill to account to save his own neck, and so he replied readily:

"Great white scout taken to Sitting Bull, where big army of braves are. Sitting Bull say kill Buffalo Bill when all the warriors have seen him tortured. But Crazy Horse great chief, and friend of Sitting Bull. If white man send runner to Sitting Bull to tell they have taken Crazy Horse, and will exchange him for white scout, Sitting Bull will make change. Uh! Great chief give white scout for Crazy Horse quick."

"You need not urge me to do all I can to save Bill. I am but too willing and anxious to secure his safety. It is evident that it would be foolhardy for me to press on to Sitting Bull's stronghold with my single company, for I should encounter the redskins in overwhelming numbers."

Then turning to the two captives, the officer questioned them, asking if a white boy had been captured by their red brethren. But this time both Indians answered truthfully that they did not know. A few moments later the Indian messenger, well mounted, was dashing away on the trail of Buffalo Bill's captors. The cavalymen camped where they were, and they were there to await the return of the runner with Sitting Bull's answer. The Indian runner knew that Crazy Horse did not know that Buffalo Bill had been taken to the camp of Sitting Bull. So, instead of making directly for the camp of the great Sioux chief, the runner continued to follow the trail of Buffalo Bill's captors, although it was not long before he was convinced that it would not lead him to Sitting Bull's stronghold. On and on sped the red rider until at last his pony fell exhausted. But now, in the distance ahead, the Indian saw the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican, and he concluded to press on there.

Leaving his pony, which was unable to rise, the Indian continued on, running swiftly. Now his training as a runner, who had been employed to carry messages to distant tribes, proved of value to him, and he got over the ground very rapidly, and soon arrived at the Mexican's ranch. The



## OUT WITH BUFFALO BILL

An Indian runner who rushed breathlessly into the room at the ranch where Ned Bardwell's span of life was being measured by the sand in the hour glass, and Buffalo Bill was in deadly peril, was the Indian messenger sent by the cavalry officer. As the pistol shot was fired in that room, and Buffalo Bill fell at Ned Bardwell's feet as though dead, Sitting Bull uttered a yell of rage. Turning upon Gomez and his son with a menace in his glance, the chief cried:

"One of your men shot the scout. You shall answer to me for this. It is the same as though your men had slain Crazy Horse!"

"Buffalo Bill is not dead!" cried Pedro, the young Mexican, now as pale as death and trembling like an aspen leaf under Sitting Bull's fiery glance.

"See! He moves! He moves!" Pedro added.

"It is so! Oh, he lives!" shouted Ned Bardwell, as at that moment Buffalo Bill uttered a groan and raised his head.

"Who fired the shot? It must have been a white man, for not an Indian present carries a pistol. Well, it matters not who did the dastardly act, as I mean to find him out some day, whoever he may be," said Buffalo Bill sternly, as he regained his feet.

"White man," said Sitting Bull impressively, "you are saved. The great chief, Crazy Horse, must not die. I had fully meant that the boy who escaped the death gantlet at my village should perish in the end, when he had served my purpose and you had written my decoy message to Custer. But now I will exchange you and the boy for Crazy Horse. The runner shall at once carry back an answer to the horse soldiers."

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### CHAPTER XVII.—The Girl Captive—An Alarm of Fire.

Pedro Gomez drew a long, deep breath as he saw that Buffalo Bill had escaped death by the pistol bullet. Instigated by his father, whom he knew owed the scout a debt of vengeance, the Mexican youth had slyly fired the shot at Buffalo Bill. Gomez, the Mexican, was playing a double game. He feared Buffalo Bill might live to prove he was a confederate of the hostile savages. The Mexican did not mean that Sitting Bull should know that he caused the shot to be fired, of course. As soon as Pedro discharged his pistol he slipped the smoking weapon into the hand of a cowboy, and the latter dropped it into his bootleg.

"Now white man will write for Sitting Bull. Tell the horse soldiers to meet five of the Sioux warriors whom I will send with you and the boy on the banks of the Yellowstone, where the Big Horn joins that river tomorrow at mid-day. But five white men must come. White scout understand?" said Sitting Bull presently.

"Yes," replied Buffalo Bill; "and this time I will write."

He seated himself, and, seizing the pen, hastily wrote as the Sioux chief desired. Then he read what he had written to the chief. Sitting Bull was satisfied, and receiving the message from the hand of Buffalo Bill, he gave it to the runner who had brought the news of Crazy Horse's capture, saying:

"Let the runner hasten and give the talking paper to the horse soldiers."

The runner grunted an assent, and taking the message, he quitted the Mexican ranch without delay. The scout was led to a small room without windows, and there he was left alone with the heavy door secured on the outer side.

As the old Mexican spoke the report of a rifle rang out, and there came the sound of loud savage yells from the yard. The Mexicans, father and son, rushed out in time to see Dove Eye and her two brothers escaping on ponies. In a moment Sitting Bull's Indians were in pursuit of the fugitives, yelling like demons, and flogging their ponies mercilessly to make them put forth all their speed.

The Indians who had gone in pursuit of Dove Eye and her brothers returned in a couple of hours. They did not bring the captives back with them and they acknowledged that the fugitives had distanced them, and finally thrown them off their trail under cover of the darkness. The night wore on, and it was almost twelve o'clock when Ned Bardwell who was wide awake in his prison room, heard the sound of stealthy footsteps just outside his cell door.

In a moment, with little noise, the fastenings of the door were removed and it softly opened—a faint glimmer of light from a small lamp well turned down fell into the room. Ned gave a start of surprise as he saw that the person who held the lamp was the young girl whose face he had seen at the window when he was brought to the ranch.

"I am a captive. My name is Edith Bland, and I am the daughter of an honest white settler. I managed to elude the guards, who watch me night and day, and I have come to set you free and ask you to help me escape from this terrible place and a fate I abhor." Silently they stole along the passage.

But all at once a tall Indian arose up out of the dense shadows and barred their way. Just then, too, a red glare of flame flashed up against the window at the end of the passage, and through the ranch house rang the alarming cry, uttered by a cowboy:

"Fire! Fire! The cattle pens are on fire!" There were sounds of hurrying footsteps, and men could be heard shouting to each other and rushing from the ranch. There were herds of valuable cattle in the pens that night, and the Mexican thought now only of saving the stock that was imperiled by the conflagration.

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### CHAPTER XVIII.—A Surprise.

Meanwhile, an hour previous to the coming of Edith Bland to the room in which Ned Bardwell was confined, Poncho, the half-breed boy, had met War Eagle in the timber. The Blackfoot chief had witnessed the escape of Dove Eye and her brothers, or if he had not actually seen their flight, and he had joined the fugitives and ridden with them a short distance.

Then having instructed Dove Eye and her brothers to ride southward and join the cavalry force, where he would soon join them, War Eagle made a detour to avoid his friends' pursuers, and



returned to his cover near the Mexican's ranch. War Eagle congratulated the boy upon the success in setting the captives free.

But to return to Ned Bardwell and Edith Bland, whom we left crouching in the passage where they had just discovered a tall Indian approaching them. A moment later a door opened on the side of the passage, and through it came Pedro, the young Mexican.

He was now on his way to Ned's prison room. The young Mexican caught sight of the crouching forms of Ned Bardwell and Edith Bland as the light from the room whence he came reflected upon them. As Pedro discovered the escaping ones he also caught sight of the tall Indian.

"Mercy! We are discovered!" said Edith to Ned as she felt Pedro Gomez's glance upon her.

"Yes! Diablo! you shall not escape. Here, my Indian friend, you seize the white boy and I will look after the girl," said Pedro.

"Wah!" grunted the Indian. Ned, so to say, thought that it was all up with him and the young girl. But suddenly the tall Indian reached Pedro's side. There was the sound of a heavy blow, and Pedro fell and lay motionless. The tall Indian had knocked him senseless.

"War Eagle has come." Then Ned understood. War Eagle had arrived in the passage on the way to liberate Buffalo Bill just in time. In a word Ned informed the chief that he and his companion were bent on the same errand.

Then they glided on and reached the door of the room in which the scout was locked up. The guards had gone to the fire. The coast was clear for Bill's escape. His friends opened the door, cut Bill's bonds, and with him hastily quitted the house. The four fugitives quickly secured ponies and saddled and bridled them. Then mounting, they rode to the gate, which they found open and deserted.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—The Return Of the Scouts— The Campaign of 1876.

The New York boys at the camp of the soldiers passed anxious hours while the thrilling adventures through which Ned Bardwell and Buffalo Bill were passing at the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican, were taking place. It will be remembered that the young New Yorkers had not seen Porter or Clark, the scout comrades of Buffalo Bill, since the party became separated during the buffalo chase. Some hours had elapsed after the departure of the Indian runner, who had been sent to find Sitting Bull and inform him of the capture of Crazy Horse by the whites, when the cavalry sentinels sighted three horsemen coming from the northwest.

In a few moments the faces of the approaching party were recognized, and they proved to be Tony Clark and Bob Porter. The third man was one Henry Powell, of one General Custer's scouts. The three scouts soon rode into the camp of the cavalry, and our New York boys welcomed their two scout comrades. The story of the scouts may be epitomized thus:

They had ridden far in pursuit of the buffalos,

but had kept in sight of one another. Suddenly the report of rifles, and the yells of the Sioux reached them, and coming over a ridge of the prairies they saw a white horseless man closely pursued by the Indians, numbering more than a score of warriors. The scouts had just sighted the white fugitives and his pursuers, when they were startled by the thrilling war-whoop of the Sioux behind them.

Turning they saw a second party of hostiles bearing down upon them at the top of their wild mustangs' speed. The scouts dashed southward, and the white man whom they had sighted, and who was the army scout Powell, joined them. They made for an island of timber, for to them they hoped it might become a haven of safety. In the heart of the timber they secured an excellent position to withstand an attack.

The savages made search for them, but failed to discover their retreat. Night came on and the scouts emerged from the cave. The scouts managed to secure their horses and make off. They were not discovered, and as we have seen they reached the cavalry force of whose proximity we know the scouts had previous knowledge. Powell was so badly wounded that he would have been unable to reach the camp without assistance.

#### CHAPTER XX.—Through The Darkness And Peril.

We now return to Buffalo Bill and his companions, who were escaping from the ranch of Gomez, the Mexican. Buffalo Bill and Ned Bardwell rode ahead with Edith Bland between them, and all three were well mounted. Behind them rode the friendly chief, War Eagle.

"Which way now? The Indians are spreading out under cover of darkness ahead of us," cried Ned Bardwell a moment after Buffalo Bill expressed the fear that their escape was cut off, as we have previously recorded.

"To the right. Utter not a sound! Do not fire a shot! On! on! Our only chance is in a swift and silent detour!" Silently they wheeled to the right. The yelling band was presently behind them, and they realized that they had almost miraculously escaped what threatened to be a fatal encounter. Meanwhile the war party, whom Buffalo Bill had eluded at the Mexican's ranch, had dashed up to the burning cattle pens.

The new arrivals were a band of Sitting Bull's bravest and they came to bring their great chief news. Sitting Bull ran to meet the new comers, and the spokesman of the party shouted:

"The horse soldiers are coming in force. They are marching up the Big Horn, and they mean to attack the stronghold of the Sioux. The scouts have brought the news that Custer, the big chief of the horse soldiers, leads the enemy."

"Wah! Sitting Bull knew the horse soldiers would come! The day is drawing on when the tribes of the Northwest must meet the white robbers who have driven them from their homes face to face and sweep them away like chaff! It shall be done! It shall be done in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Sitting Bull has sworn it. All his plans are complete. Custer, the white chief, shall ride to his death to meet the Sioux!" said Sitting Bull.



Then he called together his braves, and rode away to place himself at the head of thousands of red warriors, who were concealed in the valley of the Little Big Horn.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—Treachery—A Messenger From General Custer.

Fortune at last favored Buffalo Bill. He and his companions rode on and on all night unmolested. Not a soul was met and morning dawned as they came in sight of the cavalry camp, where the New York boys were. As soon as the scout and his companions came in sight of the cavalry camp they were discovered, and the New York boys were almost wild with delight, as they saw Bill and Ned safe and sound. Dove Eye and her two brothers had already arrived at the camp of the soldiers, and as Buffalo Bill and his friends rode into camp the beautiful Indian maiden eagerly hastened forward to meet War Eagle.

All were happy, and some time was spent in mutual explanations. Edith Bland expressed a desire to go to Fort Lincoln, for the cavalry officer informed the maiden that since the Indians began hostilities her parents had left their exposed ranch and sought safety at the fort. Tony Clark and Bob Porter volunteered to escort the young lady to the fort if Buffalo Bill consented. The gallant scout agreed to this at once, and further, he volunteered to accompany the two scouts with his boy comrades. The truth was, Buffalo Bill meant now to get the young New Yorkers, for whose lives he felt responsible, to a place of safety as soon as possible. Buffalo Bill and his party set out for Fort Lincoln in high spirits, and just before they left the camp of the soldiers, Poncho, the half-breed boy from the Mexican's ranch, arrived at the cavalry camp.

The lad told War Eagle of the conversation which he had overheard at the ranch between Gomez and Sitting Bull, when the former promised the Indian five hundred dollars for the great scout's scalp. The friendly chief repeated what Poncho said to Bill. Poncho, the half-breed boy, did not know that Saul Ferret and Rocky Marks had left the Mexican's ranch disguised as Indians, and bound on a secret mission in the interest of old Gomez, and so the boy did not tell anything about that. Poncho chose to remain with the cavalry, while Buffalo Bill and his friends set out for Fort Lincoln.

Half an hour's ride was made by Buffalo Bill and his companions, the two old scouts. Then they suddenly drew rein, as they sighted a large body of Indians afar. At the same moment they heard a deep groan, and in a trice they found War Eagle lying in the tall grass, wounded. Bill leaped from his horse, gined the side of the Indian, raised his head and gave him a drink of brandy. Then the chief said:

"Winnebagoes enemies. They take boy away, leave War Eagle for dead, go join Sioux, Winnebagoes not Indians at all. They white men painted."

While yet War Eagle spoke the Indians, whom Buffalo Bill had sighted in the distance disappeared over the horizon. Just then he saw a white horseman coming from the south. The man soon came up. He was a cavalryman.

"You are the man I am looking for, Bill Cody! I've a dispatch for you from General Custer! It is of vital importance!" cried the cavalryman.

His words were interrupted by a volley of shots from Buffalo Bill's camp. The scout thought the Indians, moving from the other direction, had attacked his comrades.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—The Retreat of Buffalo Bill's Party.

"We are needed by the boys, I take it fellers, and I reckon we had better get back to the camp as soon as we can!" cried Bill.

Buffalo Bill was very desirous of participating in the impending conflict between the Sioux and the United States troops. The ride back to the camp, where they had left the youngsters, occupied Buffalo Bill and his comrades but a very brief period of time, as they galloped swiftly. Arriving at the camp, they found the New York boys very much excited, not to say alarmed, while the two friendly Indians, Dove Eye's brothers, though stoically calm, as became the aboriginal character, evinced an alert eagerness which, to Bill's keen eye, meant that there was a real peril near. Joe Cunningham shouted as Bill and the others rode up:

"The Sioux are coming from the south. We discharged our rifles to bring you back, for we were sure the hostiles had sighted us!"

Bill glanced away over the plains to the southward, but at the first glance he failed to discover a single living object. The scout was about to express his incredulity, when from behind a clump of timber, which for the time had screened them from his view, a mounted band of at least two score Indians rode forth into sight.

"Ah! there they are, and coming along in the route we ought to take to reach Fort Lincoln!" said Bill, as he sighted the Sioux.

In another moment all were riding swiftly along over the trail which they had just traversed. Buffalo Bill took the cavalryman up behind him on his splendid horse, and the soldier's fatigued animal was turned loose and left behind. The Sioux hung on the trail of the whites for a long time, but finally recognizing the utter futility of their chase, they with evident reluctance abandoned the pursuit and were finally swallowed up in the misty haze of the southern horizon.

In due course of time, thanks to the fact that the cavalry had not scouted far since Bill left them, our friends once more overtook the troops. Then the cavalry messenger delivered to the officer in command of the company an order from Custer directing him to join the main body of the expedition as soon as possible. Buffalo Bill now addressed the New York boys and Edith Bland:

"As there seems little prospect of soon finding an opportunity to guide you back to civilization and safety, I think the most advisable course, looking to your security, will be for you to go with the cavalry, which, in pursuance of General Custer's orders, is about to set out on the march to join his command," said Bill.

But now leaving Custer on the way to the great battle of the Little Big Horn, we must return to Ned Bardwell. The two disguised renegades who had left War Eagle for dead and carried off the



boy were really, of course, Saul Ferret and Rocky Marks. They had knocked Ned senseless when they shot War Eagle, and when the boy came to his senses he found himself bound on his horse and being hurried along by a large band of Sioux which the renegades had joined. The journey to the Mexican's ranch was swiftly pursued. The party with Ned a prisoner went on, and in due time arrived at the Mexican's ranch. There the Indians parted with the white renegades and went on to join Sitting Bull. Again in a prison room at the Mexican's ranch, Ned was down-hearted; but still there was some ray of hope.

He did not entirely give up as long as he knew Buffalo Bill lived. Next day, however, an Indian arrived at the ranch, and Ned heard sounds telling that the inmates of the place were much excited. Soon Pedro came to Ned and shouted:

"A Sioux has just brought father the scalp of Buffalo Bill!"

Buffalo Bill and his comrades, Porter and Clark, now set about some plan to rescue Ned. Buffalo Bill perfected one after some thought. Finally, when every point was understood by each one of the trio who were about to inaugurate a strange and startling drama of finesse and subterfuge, Buffalo Bill removed from the back of his horse a pack which he had secured thereon before he left the cavalry force. The scout opened the pack and revealed its contents, which consisted of a complete Indian costume. Besides the trappings and feathers of a Sioux war dress, the pack contained a ghastly object, which had been found at the girdle of Crazy Horse when he was captured by the cavalry.

The object in question was a human scalp—the scalp of a white man—which had been very recently taken by the savage who carried it as a trophy. The hair was long and wavy, and of the color of Buffalo Bill's luxuriant locks. No doubt it had been torn from the head of some unfortunate scout, who wore his hair long, after the style of the knights of the plains. Buffalo Bill regarded the white man's scalp with a singular expression, and he said to his comrades while he began to carefully attire himself in the Indian garb which he had taken from the pack:

"This scalp is a mute witness that a life has been lost, may it prove to be the means of effecting the rescue of Ned Bardwell."

In a short time the great scout completed his disguise, and then he shook hands with his two friends and rode away in the direction of the Mexican's ranch, bent upon the most dangerous mission he had ever undertaken in all his life. Porter and Clark remained where they were for a certain length of time, and then they advanced.

Meanwhile, when Pedro Gomez announced to Ned Bardwell that an Indian had just arrived at the ranch bringing with him the scalp of Buffalo Bill, the emotions of the boy captive may readily be imagined. Ned was overwhelmed with despair. His last hope, to which he had clung with all the desperate tenacity of a drowning man grasping at a single straw, was carried away.

Meanwhile let us note the circumstances of the arrival of the disguised scout whom the Mexicans

believed to be a Sioux. Old Gomez and his son Pedro were seated upon the veranda of the ranch house when a cowboy entered the yard through the great gate followed by a tall warrior.

"Here's an Indian to see you!" called out the cowboy.

"He is welcome. All the red men are the Mexican's friends," replied Gomez.

"Ugh," said the tall Indian, approaching. "Big Deer come from great chief Sitting Bull. Great chief kill Buffalo Bill. Send him scalp. Here it is!"

As he spoke, the tall Indian drew a long haired scalp from his girdle and held it up.

"What! The scalp of Buffalo Bill! Bravo! Bravissimo! This is the best gift I ever received. Diablo! You hear, Pedro. The scalp of the man we most feared is ours!" shouted old Gomez, in great excitement and unbounded delight.

His words were heard by a number of his cowboys, who were lounging about the yard, and they gathered about to behold the trophy which told that Buffalo Bill had perished. Then it was that Pedro hastened to tell Ned the dreadful news of what he supposed to be the truth—that the great scout had fallen.

"See that the Indian has all he wants to eat and drink, Saul," said Gomez to the renegade; and then the latter conducted the messenger into the house and to the dining room.

"Sit down, Injun, an' I'll bring ye some grub. Guess I'll take a look at the boy prisoner an' see how he takes thet news. Since Gomez has given me the key of the cell I can visit the boy when I choose," muttered Ferret.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—The Tell-Tale Tracks of the Disguised Scout.

Ferret went out of the room to which he had conducted the supposed Indian. The latter had caught his last muttered words and his eyes brightened. The shadows were falling and it would soon be dark. The disguised scout meant to immediately set in for desperate play. Presently Ferret returned. He brought food and drink which he placed on a table before the seeming Indian.

"Take hold, Injun, an' eat hearty," said Ferret.

The scout grunted an assent in the Indian fashion, and Ferret turned to leave the room. His back was turned to the other, and the renegade had not taken more than three steps when he fell senseless, stricken by a clubbed pistol in the hands of the disguised scout. The blow fell upon the back of Ferret's head, and it was a heavy one.

The scout thought he would remain insensible for some time, but he was about to gag and bind the scoundrel when he heard footsteps approaching. There was not time for an instant's delay, and, as it chanced, the table at which the scout had been seated was covered with a spread that reached to the floor, the disguised scout had only time to drag Ferret out of sight under the table and seat himself when Pedro entered. The supposed Indian was eating away very fast when the young Mexican entered, and he only looked up and grunted. Pedro took a gun from one corner and immediately went out of the room. Then Buffalo Bill raised the table spread and examined Ferret.



The scout made a startling discovery, and having secured an iron key, which he found in the renegade's pocket, he ran out of the room. He anticipated that he should find Ned Bardwell in the same prison room that he had previously occupied, and he directed his steps to it. As the scout put the key in the door and opened it, great was his joy at finding Ned lying bound on the floor.

Ned was nearly overcome when he recognized who it was. Ned's bonds were cut and he and the scout escaped. Shortly afterward their escape was discovered and then they found the marks made by Buffalo Bill's moccasins. They then knew that the supposed Indian was no other than Buffalo Bill in disguise. They also found Ferret's body under the table, and the man was dead. Buffalo Bill and Ned continued on their way and some hours later joined the two scouts Porter and Clark. Then the four set out to join Custer's army. At mid-day on the second day they succeeded in catching up with the cavalry who had Dove Eye and the New York boys in their charge.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—The Great Battle of the Little Horn.

Now we must follow Custer on his march in quest of Sitting Bull. On the 22d of June, 1876, in the afternoon, Custer's command left camp at the mouth of the Rosebud river, which empties into the Yellowstone, and marched up the Rosebud twelve miles. Next day, refreshed by a night's rest, they pressed on much more rapidly, following the lodge pole trail that told how a large village preceded them.

At last, about twelve o'clock, the columns were in full sight of the end of Sitting Bull's village, where a great commotion was plainly visible. Custer beckoned to Reno and hurriedly said:

"Move forward, major, at as rapid a gait as you think prudent, and then charge, and the whole outfit will support you."

Reno bowed obedience and took off his columns at a fast trot down the river, crossing the ford and then formed line and galloped down toward the village. Before him lay a tremendous cloud of dust which entirely hid the village, and a great swarm of Indians came tearing down out of the cloud full speed, flogging their ponies, yelling like wolves, and firing away a perfect rain of bullets as they came, bullets that went whistling overhead, cutting the leaves of the trees and falling about the cavalry. The crowd was so immense and the sounds so terrible that Major Reno halted as if struck by lightning. In great haste he dismounted his men, sent his horse into the woods, and lined its edge with skirmishers, who began firing. Reno had almost concluded to hold the woods, when a patter of bullets hissing through the leaves told that the exultant foe had reached the other side.

Then Reno suddenly changed his mind. He saw himself overwhelmed by numbers, and determined to retreat to the river. A moment later the whole command was mounted and galloping toward the stream in a confused mass, the Indians racing after them on all sides, firing away at close range with their Winchester rifles. Away they went, helter-skelter, for the ford, men dropping by the

way to be pounced on in a moment by the Indians, scalped and hacked to pieces.

Down at the river the rout was terrible, as men and horses plunged in, crowding together. The Indians firing into the huddled mass of fugitives without meeting resistance. Up the bluffs went the foremost, Reno, ahead, his hat gone, his face pale, his battalion utterly beaten. Almost as soon as he reached the top of the hill a skirmish line was coming toward him. It was Benteen, who had received Custer's order and was slowly advancing.

A moment later, far down the river, they heard shots and a great commotion set in among the Indians behind Reno. Their fire ceased, and away they went toward the village, leaving Reno and Benteen alone on the hill, while the firing down the river increased every moment so incessant that the Indians afterward compared it to tearing cloth. Custer was at them. But there were too many Indians for Custer.

He was ambushed and his whole command was wiped out, with the exception of one solitary Crow scout, who escaped. The next day, the day after the fatal battle of the Little Big Horn, Curley, the solitary Crow scout attached to Custer's command, who had escaped the massacre, met the cavalry company. While Buffalo Bill listened with tears in his eyes, Curley told the story of the fight in the valley and the death of Custer. He told how the Indians had poured out in vast numbers, surrounding Custer. How they had charged again and again, every time driven back by the soldiers as long as Custer lived. When Custer died the remnant lost heart at last, and were all massacred.

The grief of the soldiers, by all of whom Custer was well beloved, was most touching, and many of the brave fellows shed tears as well as Buffalo Bill. Buffalo Bill and our boy friends soon joined General Terry down in the valley. Ned found no difficulty now in making the survey of the disputed land, and he did so at once, finding that his father's claim was just, and that, as he had long been convinced, the Mexican had sought to seize the valuable real estate without title or right.

Meanwhile, Edith Bland and Dove Eye had been escorted to Fort Lincoln by government scouts detailed for that duty by General Terry. At the fort Edith met her parents, and a joyful reunion ensued. War Eagle, now recovered from his wound, soon after this joined Dove Eye at the fort, and the Indian lovers were married by the chaplain of the post. Buffalo Bill saw the New York boys safely back to Fort Lincoln, and then he said good-by to them and went with his two old scouts to follow Sitting Bull with the soldiers.

The boys all reached New York in safety, and so Buffalo Bill's promise was well kept. Our young friends were great heroes among their friends for a long time, but they all agreed that they had enough of ventures among the Indians for the present, at least. The following summer Ned visited Edith Bland, and less than four years later the two were married. Buffalo Bill was present on that happy occasion, and Ned told him that his trip to the Yellowstone was the most fortunate journey of his life after all.

The next issue will contain "THREE YOUNG GUARDSMEN; or, THE CHOSEN CHAMPIONS OF THE QUEEN."



# The Luck of Lou West

—OR—

## WORKING HIS FATHER'S MINE

By R. T. EMMET

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued)

He lay face downward upon the ground where he had fallen, with the blood oozing from a wound in the back of the head, made evidently by a ring which Tim always wore.

"Help me up! We must help him and save him if we can!" gasped Lou.

He staggered to his feet, leaning on Tim's shoulder for support.

"What is it?" demanded Tim. "Who was that man? What did he say that drove Thad crazy? Sure, I'm all in the dark about the whole business. Speak up, Lou!"

"The man was Nick Gormully," replied Lou, and he hurriedly explained what had occurred.

"Thad was crazy, anyhow. He never was anything else," decided Tim, as they bent over the unconscious man.

But Lou felt terribly about it all, and for those few moments while he believed that Thad was actually dead, he felt as though the end of everything had come. But he soon discovered that the man's heart was beating, and a moment later he gave a faint groan.

"We must get him to the hut," said Lou. "If we bathe his head with cold water, it may revive him. You punished him terribly, Tim. Upon my word, I think you must have fractured his skull."

"Can't help it," growled Tim. "When I see a feller trying to do up my chum, I don't hit him with no love taps, you bet!"

"Here, lend a hand!" cried Lou. "I'm afraid this is only the beginning of our troubles."

"Don't you believe it," declared Tim. "There niver was a feller in all the world what had such a run of luck as you have had since you struck this mine, Lou West, and, blame me, if I don't believe this scrap is going to turn out lucky for you, too."

Between them, the boys carried Thad to the hut, head and feet. The man was now breathing naturally, but there was no sign of returning consciousness. The boys undressed him and put him in the bunk. They rubbed his head with water and with whisky, slapped his hands and the soles of his feet; did everything they could think of to revive him, but it was of no avail.

Yet by the time they had worn themselves out with the work, the color had returned to Thad's face, and he lay there breathing naturally, as if he was simply asleep.

"Go down to the shore and send up Grey Buck, Tim," said Lou at last. "Tell him what has happened. You stay and watch the boat."

Night was setting down upon the camp now, and Lou was almost wild with anxiety as to what the hour of darkness would bring forth. He fully

expected an attack from the Gormully gang, and of course he and Tim were in no shape to stand up against them. It gave him some sense of relief to hear Grey Buck's "How! How!" at the door of the hut, and he sprang up to meet him.

"Oh, Grey Buck, what are we going to do?" he exclaimed. "Did Tim tell you? Do help us if you can!"

"Tim tell me eberyting," replied the Indian. "Nick Gormully, him heap bad man. No be troubled, Lou. What you do when Thad try choke you. So Tim must save you—see?"

Then the Indian put his hand to his mouth and whispered, mysteriously:

"Say, Lou, lookie here. You know Thad crazy eber since him see his fader's face. You know what Injun t'ink crazy means? No. Well, I tell you. Injun t'ink heap bad spirit catchee man and hold him mind. Lookie here, Lou. When Tim gib Thad dat knock, mebbe he knock bad spirit out of him. Mebbe him ownself come back again. You ax me what I do, den I say lookie here, Lou, don't you do not'ing but just leave Thad alone by him ownself, and mebbe he come back all right."

Poor Lou was too much troubled to more than half follow this rigmarole. To him it only meant that Grey Buck felt that there was nothing he could do to help Thad back to consciousness. He was going to ask the Indian what he meant about Thad going crazy when he saw his father's face, but just then the Indian knelt down beside the bunk and began to sing in his own language, and in such a deep, guttural voice that the music reminded Lou of some one filing a saw.

"What in the world are you doing?" Lou demanded, almost maddened by the noise.

"Hush!" whispered Grey Buck, holding up his finger. "Me sing, den bad spirit him go way—see?"

This put the finish on it for Lou, and he went away. The long strain was telling on him fearfully. He hurried out of the hut and ran at full speed down on the beach and around the point; to where the boat lay. Tim was pacing up and down, with his rifle at right shoulder.

"Well, what luck?" he asked.

"None," replied Lou. "That crazy Indian will do nothing but talk about spirits having got hold of Thad, and now he is singing the tune the old cow died on, and declares that he is charming them away. Upon my word, it seems as if we had been up against a bunch of crazy people ever since we struck the State of Washington. They'll have me crazy before they get through."

"Brace up," said Tim. "It's true what you say; we are up agin a bunch of lunatics, but sure we can't help it. Now then, Lou, to business. Look at that boat. Think of all the gold there is in it. Think of them Gormullys, bad luck to them! And, Lou, think of what it is going to mean to you and me if they descend on us to-night and make off with the boat."

"Tim, I'm thinking of nothing else. What in the world are we to do?"

"Get Thad aboard and lock him in the cabin, so we can make a start."

"But the vein has to be covered up in the shaft. It won't do to leave it exposed so that any one can see what a rich mine we have got. It was Thad's intention to tumble a lot of the dump rock down into it and cover everything up. We ought to carry that plan out before we leave."



"I won't stand for it!" cried Tim. "We must start right away now, if we want to keep up the record for the luck of Lou West. It looks to me as though your luck had turned, Lou, and once it does, the quicker we get out of this the better."

"Something has turned," said Lou. "Look there, Tim!"

It was Grey Buck, leading Thad, coming along the beach. The Indian took off his hat, and waved it triumphantly at the boys.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Strange Transformation of Thad.

"By thunder, he has cured him!" cried Tim. "It takes them Indian doctors. I remember an Indian medicine show that came to a town where I was stopping last summer. There was one big Indian doctor there what——"

"Hold on, Tim!" broke in Lou. "Let's go ahead and meet him. See, Grey Buck wants to say something to us alone."

The Indian had left Thad, and was running swiftly along the beach, beckoning to the boys as he came. They hurried toward him. Meanwhile, Thad walked on with uncertain step, staring to the right and the left like one confused as to his surroundings.

"It's all right!" cried Grey Buck, as he came up to the boys. "Bad spirit gone! How! How! Won't him fader be glad!"

"Who is his father?" demanded Lou.

"Hush!" replied Grey Buck. "Dat me no tell. Lookee here, Lou, he won't know you. Now him remember only what t'ings happened before him get dat shock—see?"

"I don't understand, Grey Buck."

"No! No! Mebbe not! Lookee here, Lou. We want to go to mill now. No use wait no more. You and Tim hustle up to hut. Bring down all your t'ings. Bring Thad's blankets and him fiddle. We sail right away quick. Den when Gormully come, we no be here to have fight—see?"

"Grey Buck is right," said Tim. "That's sound advice he is giving us; surest thing you know, Lou."

"I'll stand for it anyhow," said Lou. "I don't believe Thad is all right yet, but if he isn't, it is up to us to get him to the nearest doctor just as soon as we can."

"Huh!" grunted Grey Buck. "White medicine man no good. All heap big fraud!"

He returned with the boys to meet Thad. As they approached the unfortunate fellow, Lou was immediately struck with the entirely different expression which had come over his face. While before he had always seemed quiet and sensible enough, he now appeared to be greatly distressed, and stared at the boys as though he had never seen them before.

"Hello, Thad! How do you feel now?" cried Tim. "I'm sorry I had to hit you, upon my word, I am; but what could a feller do when you were trying to put Lou out of business? Say, I——"

"Stop a minute!" interrupted Thad, putting up his hand. "I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about nor who you are! Grey Buck,

who are these young men? You promised to tell me what all this meant. Where is my unfortunate father? I want to get to him at once. What place is this? How came I here? Speak Grey Buck! Why don't you speak?"

It was painful to witness his agitation.

"Be quiet, Tim," whispered Lou, as his chum broke out again. "Let Grey Buck handle him now."

"Boss, it's all right," the Indian was saying. "Looker here, you t'ink you only been sick one or two hours. Grey Buck tell you no lie. You been sick most t'ree years. So your fader, he all right. I take you to him bimeby, little while. So he send dese boys. You ax no more questions now yet. Be good, Boss Thad; be good!"

Thad brushed his hand over his eyes and addressed Lou.

"I shall have to look to you for an explanation of this mystery," he said. "Grey Buck seems to be a little vague, and I confess I don't know where I am at. Can you explain?"

To Lou the case seemed more hopeless than ever. While before there had been some method in Thad's madness, now there was none. Lou answered him, with the full belief that he was now talking to a man whose mind was hopelessly gone.

"Lood here, Thad, I wouldn't bother my head if I were you," he said. "You have met with an accident and you need rest. We are going to sail just as soon as we can get our things on board. After we get out in the lake, we can talk it all over—see?"

"You call me by my first name, as though you knew me," was the reply. "But I don't know you. As far as I am aware, I never saw you in all my life before."

"My name is Lou West. We have been together for the last few weeks. You have been helping me work my mine."

"Your mine? You mean the Okanagon? The mine here on this point?"

"Certainly."

"Then you are certainly mistaken in calling it yours, for it belongs to my unfortunate father, Mr. Tim Tracy, as Grey Buck here will tell you."

"We will talk that all over by and by," said Lou gently. "Please go to the boat with Grey Buck. I assure you, there is danger in staying here."

"Danger from what?"

"The Gormully gang."

"Those wretches! Ah, Grey Buck!"

"How! How!" grunted Grey Buck, seizing him by the arm. "Come along, boss. Dese boys heap big friends. You come to boat. Dey bring t'ings. We go out on lake, den we talk it all over dere."

He hurried Thad away, and the boys made quick time back to the hut.

"Sure, he's as daffy as a bug!" cried Tim, as they hurried on.

But light was beginning to dawn upon Lou.

"Do you know, Tim, I don't believe it," he declared. "I begin to understand the case now. He was crazy before and could remember nothing about the past."

"Sure, he said as much, so he did."

"To be sure! Well, now his senses have returned, and he remembers nothing that has happened since he lost his mind. He has picked up his memory just where he lost it three years ago, or whatever the time may be."



"Blamed if I don't think you are right!" exclaimed Tim; "but what did it? Sure, you don't believe that Injun's fool talk about spirits."

"Certainly not. It was your punching him in the head that did the business. I have read of cases where a blow on the head has sometimes restored lunatics to reason. He'll straighten out. It was a lucky thing for him that this happened."

"And, sure, if you do right, Lou, the best thing that I can do is to hire meself out to some lunatic asylum to punch up the whole bunch of them in every ward," Tim declared.

By this time the boys had reached the hut, where they hastily gathered up their own belongings and Thad's, and returned to the boat.

Grey Buck was pacing up and down the beach alone.

"Where is he?" demanded Lou.

"Asleep in the cabin," replied the Indian. "I made him go lie down. Sleep is what he wants. Heap sleep. Dat do him whole heap good."

"Grey Buck, you're a great medicine man," said Lou; "but you must tell us all about Thad and what happened to drive him crazy, so that we will know how to talk to him."

The Indian shook his head.

"No, no! No use ask. Me tell you nothing," he replied.

"But why not? What is the use of all this mystery? Whatever you tell us, we are going to keep to ourselves."

This appeal did no good, however. Grey Buck resorted to his usual tactics of silence and Lou gave it up.

The boys lost no time in getting their goods on board.

It was somewhat difficult to find a place to stow them away, for the gold ore was all over the deck, in the pit, and even on the cabin floor.

Grey Buck got the sail up, and soon they had cast off and were making their way out upon the lake.

"She sails heavy, Lou," remarked Tim. "It would be a bad job now if he was to get caught in a blow, so it would."

"She is heavy," replied Lou; "but don't you worry about the weather, it's going to hold as it is now for sure. We shall make Oroville without any trouble. I am certain."

They were soon well out on the lake, and had run down opposite the end of the point upon which the mine was located, when all at once Grey Buck gave a queer cry.

"Hello! What's struck you now, Grey Buck?" demanded Lou.

"Look over there!" said the Indian hurriedly. "Heap trouble now mebbe!"

He pointed toward the shore at the head of a deep cove, formed by the bend of the point.

Here the Oroville trail ran close to the water's edge, and the boys saw a figure seated on a red broncho, which stood motionless in the road.

"Confound it!" growled Tim. "That fellow has discovered us, all right."

Lou made no reply, but going to his grip, which lay near, opened it, and took out a good field-glass.

Then Tim broke out with his picturesque language again.

"Blame it all, it's Lily!" he cried. "It's that gal who ran off with my clothes!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Captured by the Gormully Gang.

It was surely the girl whose life Lou had saved. He had recognized her even before he got out the glass.

"Well, what does that mean for us, I wonder?" he exclaimed. "Grey Buck, do you know that girl?"

"Course me know her," grunted the Indian. "She belong to Gormully gang."

"Thought as much!" cried Tim.

"She's a spy, then," said Lou; "probably she has been watching us right along. There she goes. I suppose we may look for trouble now?"

"It's too blamed bad!" said Tim. "Just as we were getting along so well. But what can she do, anyhow? While we are out here on the lake, I don't see but what we are safe enough."

"I'm afraid not," replied Lou. "She's going like the wind, and it seems pretty plain to me that she has some mischief in mind."

"Dey come," grunted Grey Buck. "Looker here, mebbe dey watch us all de time. Mebbe dey wait for us to start. Dey 'fraid to touch you on shore, 'coz you know why, so dey tackle you on de water—see?"

The prospect was certainly not encouraging, but there was nothing for it but to be prepared for whatever might come.

"Keep out as far from shore as you can, Grey Buck," said Lou. "That's all we can do now."

"Bad luck!" cried Grey Buck. "You see how the wind go, Lou. Him dead against us. Gotter tack now."

"And that will take us in close to the shore?" said Tim.

"Dat's what it will," replied the Indian; "down dere by dat next point, we hit de shore."

"I see there is no help for it," said Lou. "Let her go, Grey Buck. If it comes to a fight, why a fight it will have to be; that's all!"

Lou went down into the cabin, where he found Thad still peacefully sleeping, and returned with his own rifle and Tim's. Grey Buck had his alongside of him in the cockpit.

He was grim and silent as they took the other tack and went shooting toward a long, narrow point of land ahead of them, which projected a long distance out into the lake.

"You good shot, Lou?" he asked, as they neared the point. "Me know Tim shoot all right. Me see him shoot ducks today."

"Well, I don't think I can call myself a good shot," replied Lou. "I can fire all right, but when it comes to aiming—thunder! There go our horses!"

Three mounted men came galloping along the trail.

They were mounted on sturdy little bronchos, and had two horses behind them.

"Ours, sure!" cried Tim. "Oh, those fellers are beauts, they are! I did hope we should be able to get them horses tomorrow, but it looks as though it wasn't to be."

"Chances are they have been watching us right along," said Lou. "Grey Buck, isn't it most time to take the other tack?"

(To be continued.)



# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1926

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### CHE MAH, 'SMALLEST MAN IN WORLD,' DIES AT 88.

Che Mah, midget who became wealthy through being exhibited as the "smallest man in the world," died at the age of eighty-eight in Chicago, March 21. He was twenty-eight inches in stature, and wore a queue thirteen feet long.

Brought to the United States from the Island of Choo Sang by the late P. T. Barnam in 1881, Che Mah was for a long time in the employ of the famous showman. In 1890 he retired at Knox, Ind. He is survived by a son, living in Brooklyn.

Che Mah was married twice, both of his wives having been American. His son, born of the first marriage is of normal size. His first wife died many years ago and, in 1921, he filed suit for divorce from the second on the ground of abandonment.

### CHORUS OF 5,000 WILL SING FOR AUDIENCE OF 200,000

A mighty chorus of five thousand voices will commemorate in song the deeds of the patriots of the country, when on July 5 the Chorus of the States and the Festival Chorus will sing before President Coolidge and an audience of more than 200,000 at the Stadium in Philadelphia as one of the features of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, to be held from June 1 to December 1.

The plans for this elaborate musical program as outlined by Dr. Herbert J. Tily, chairman of the Music Committee, indicate that this chorus will be the greatest ever heard in this country. Every state in the Union will be represented in this assemblage.

### AMERICAN SQUIRREL VIES WITH SPARROW IN REGENT'S PARK

The steady increase in the number of American grey squirrels in London prompts a writer in "The London Mail" to say that the sparrows have to detach sentinels to halt the squirrels when they seek to raid food desired by the birds.

It is more than twenty years since the first

detachment of squirrels played truant from the Zoo and found that in Regent's Park they could thrive and multiply in a free state, says "The Mail." Now they have broken through the ring of houses and found their way into remote corners of Kent, Sussex and other parts of the country. Those in the central colony at Regent's Park still keep going, picking up a hand-to-mouth living in some mysterious way.

Their bright eyes and flashing, gracegull movements tempt many crumbs from children. Then there are dried seeds, as well as early shoots, to nibble just now. They also have been caught in the act of digging up small bulbs, such as crocus and daffodil. Soon there will be birds' eggs to steal.

Raids on the bird tables spread by kindly folk in their gardens are another source of supplies. One squirrel has been seen to burgle a hanging cocoanut intended for the tits. There was a little clever tight-rope work, some trickery with the wire and the little thief had his head inside, gorging on the tough, white meat.

In very severe weather, such as we have just experienced, grey squirrels appear partly to hibernate, solving their food problems by prolonged slumber. There was not a specimen to be seen in the park during the hard frost and thick snow, but now there are plenty.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "PLUCK AND LUCK," published weekly at New York, N. Y., 101 APRIL 21, 1926. STATE OF NEW YORK, County of New York:—Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Warford, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "PLUCK AND LUCK" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Editor—A. A. Warford, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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A. A. WARFORD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1926. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1926.)



## A SCOUT FAILS TO ACCOMPLISH HIS PURPOSE

On the 14th of April, 1867, I left Fort Hays, Kansas, to carry a note to the men at Lookout Station, nineteen miles away, telling them to beware of the Indians. The red villains had cut loose all along the Smoky Hill route, and were thirsting for blood. All the stage stations, with one or two exceptions, were prepared for Indian attacks—that is, each station was garrisoned by three men, armed with the best weapons, and the building was bullet proof. As a further security the men dug for themselves a circular hole in the ground, covered it over with timbers and earth, and by firing from the loopholes could stand off any number of Indians. This dugout had an underground passage from the stable, and was always stocked with water and food.

Lookout Station was one of the exceptions. Why a dugout had not been provided I don't now recollect, but it was because of this negligence that I was sent out from the fort. I was then in Government service as a scout, and was paid for carrying my scalp to any point convenient for the Indians to take it. Within fifty miles of Fort Hays there were at least 1,000 Sioux and Cheyennes on the warpath. Between the fort and Lookout Station I might encounter a hundred. On that day thirty warriors had come within five miles of the post, and indulged in yells of defiance.

I left the fort soon after dark, mounted on a genuine Mexican mustang and armed with a sixteen-shooter and a revolver. While the direct route was bad enough for any traveler, I had to plan for a worse one.

My only hope of getting through would be to avoid the traveled line. I got well away, and then took my bearings to keep a route about five miles to the left of the stage road. This would take me over some very bad pieces of country, but prudence commanded this policy. I knew when I set out that I would be all night in the saddle, as the ground would be too broken to permit of a fast pace, and up to midnight, when I had made a distance of ten miles in the right direction, the mustang had scarcely broken his walk. It came on pretty dark, with ugly clouds driving across the sky, and every few minutes there was a gust of wind which had a warning in it. While all my senses were keen and alert, I depended much on my horse. He had campaigned in Mexico, and would be the first to detect "signs." It was about midnight when he suddenly stopped dead still and threw up his head. That meant Indians.

The next minute was an hour long. Then came a gust of wind, singing and sighing over the barren plains, and it brought to my ear the footfalls of horses. They came from the direction I was headed, and would pass very near me. No two dangers have the same situation. It might have been a good plan to dismount it and lead my animal to the right or the left. I judged it best to dismount and remain perfectly quiet. All men who have studied the Indian will tell you that his eye is quick to detect a moving object, and that his sense of hearing is wonderfully acute. Even in the darkness they might see us moving.

and if the horse's foot struck a stone, the sound would certainly reach them. The company of the mustang was better than that of the oldest scout on the plains. I stood with one hand on his neck, and he was as firm as a rock. He realized the peril as fully as I did, and I believe he reasoned something like this:

"Those persons who are approaching are Indians. The slightest noise will betray us. We must remain perfectly quiet in hopes they will pass. If discovered, we will run for it."

In two minutes after receiving the first alarm the first Indian was up with us, and not over thirty feet away. They were not riding in single file, but by twos, threes and fours, with the evident purpose of making as broad a trail as possible. I could see every pony and warrior, and every instant I expected to see some movement to prove that we were discovered. The ponies were on the walk, and there were forty-two Indians in the band. I believe they were four or five minutes in passing, and during every second of this time, if my horse had lifted a foot, champed his bit, or flung his head, the sound would have betrayed us. It did not seem possible that we were thus to escape, and when the band had finally disappeared in the darkness, I was not certain but there was some trick behind it. I climbed softly into the saddle, and let the mustang pick his own way, and it was a full half hour before I was satisfied that we were not followed.

We soon got into a very bad spot, cut up in all directions with gullies and washouts, and our progress was slow. The mustang naturally picked out the best route, and about an hour before daylight I suddenly discovered that we were on the stage road. There were no coaches running then except at long intervals, when a strong escort could be had, while the Indians were riding over the route at all hours. I dared not travel it, but pulled off to the left again, and as a consequence daylight came while I was yet a mile and a half from the station. It was not yet fully light, and I was settling myself in the saddle for a gallop to the station, when I heard the yells of Indians in that direction. That settled it. They were there before me, and my peril was now far greater than that of the men I started out to save. They were three in number, and had the shelter of a stout log hut. I was alone and on the open plains.

To have pushed on meant the loss of my scalp; to attempt to return to Fort Hays meant the same thing. I had only a couple of minutes to think, and there was only one chance of escape. There was a big washout close at hand, and I led the mustang into it, and made him lie down. When I sat down beside him we were concealed from the sight of anyone passing a quarter of a mile away, and there we must put in the day without food or water. I hadn't brought so much as a mouthful of meat with me, depending on reaching the station by daylight, and there wasn't a drop of water within a mile of us. We were scarcely settled down before the station was vigorously attacked, and I estimated the number of Indians to be not less than fifty. The three men were not surprised, though they had but slight warning. They were provided with sixteen-shooters and revolvers, and they returned the fire with vigor.



The Indians must have known that this station was not provided with a dugout, for they had come prepared to burn it. The forage for the stage horses had to be kept within, and its inflammable nature gave the savages a pointer to work on. It was an unfortunate thing, also, that the lay of the ground gave them cover to creep up within bow-shot. For three or four hours there was scarcely a lull in the firing, and during the time, as was afterward ascertained, four or five Indians were killed, and a still larger number wounded. When the redskins realized that the hut would be defended against their rifles they sent men forward with prepared arrows, and in the course of half an hour fired the building. Then their yells were terrific. I could have seen them by climbing to the edge of the washout, but I feared to leave the mustang alone.

The three men cooped up had no show whatever after the flames took hold. The Indians formed a circle about the station, and it was death within and without. It was expected that the men would rush forth when the heat became unbearable, and orders were issued to seek to take them alive.

About noon the Indians prepared to retreat, and now a most curious thing happened. The mustang had been very quiet, lying on his side, and scarcely moving a leg. I sat by his head, knife in hand, and fully determined to cut his throat if he attempted to get up. I sat facing the west, and all at once heard the gallop of a horse. Next moment an Indian warrior appeared to view. He turned to the right to avoid the sink, half encircled me, and disappeared in the east. I saw him look me full in the face, but he came and went so suddenly that I was dumb with astonishment. I supposed I was discovered, but the thud of his pony's feet grew fainter and finally died away in the east. With rifle in hand I crept to the top of the sink, and I could see the savage a mile away, riding to join a small band. I stood looking after him, head and shoulders above the sink, when seven other Indians, coming from the west, passed me not over twenty rods away.

My heart stood still for the moment, for it seemed that all were looking straight at me, but they galloped on after the other and left me undisturbed. Several years later I met the one who almost rode into the sink. His name was Man-Afraid-of-the-Water, and he assured me in the most solemn manner that I must have been dreaming, as he would have been certain to see even a rabbit in the washout. I also met one of the other warriors, and he had the politeness to hint that I must have been drunk. Still, everything happened just as I have described.

I gave the Indians an hour to get out of sight, and then abandoned the sink and rode down to the station. The house was still burning, and at that time, as I could see nothing of the men, I supposed they had been carried off. After I left several settlers reached the spot, found their bodies, and gave them burial. My mission was accomplished and my orders were to return to the fort. Between me and the post was a full band of bloodthirsty Indians, and an attempt at progress in the daytime was foolhardy.

I secured water for myself and the mustang, and then struck off to the north for a mile and descended into a dry gulch filled with sage brush. Here was pretty fair shelter if we lay close, but

I had not been there five minutes when I discovered the corpses of four Indians, all still warm, who had been killed in the fight. No attempt had been made to bury them, but they were rolled under the bushes, legs straightened out, arms folded across the breast, and all their weapons left with them. On inspecting their rifles, which were new, I made the discovery that the maker of the weapons wanted to accommodate the savages without doing the white folks any particular injury. The front sights were so far out of true with the hind sights that no one could have hit a cow ten yards off. Each one of the Indians had received a ball in the breast, and each one was of middle age. I made a bundle of their weapons to carry to the fort, and although four corpses are not pleasant company to one in hiding, I was obliged to put up with them for the rest of the day.

Just before sunset seven Indians passed on the stage road going west, and from the terrific pace of their ponies I judged they were after reinforcements. As soon as night had fairly set in I led the mustang out of the ravine and mounted and set off, not daring to go near water for fear of an ambush. I planned to keep to the left of the road about a mile, and I got along without incident until about midnight. I was then riding at a lope, using eyes and ears to the best advantage, when the mustang suddenly stopped. It could mean only one thing. I slid out of the saddle and put my ear to the ground, and after a minute I heard human footsteps. They came from the east, and I knew they were made by a white man having boots or shoes on. I stood at the mustang's head, when out of the gloom of midnight a human figure walked directly up to us. I was satisfied that he was white, and uttered a *hist!* which halted him scarcely five feet away. He uttered a groan as he came to a stop, and I softly inquired:

"White or red?"

"White!" he eagerly answered.

It was a settler named George Robinson, whose wife and children had been butchered and his buildings burned. He himself had been wounded by Indian bullets in the hand and shoulder, and had been three days trying to get to Fort Hays. Pain and fright had so unnerved him that he lost his bearings, and had the fort been only a mile away he would have missed it. He was suffering from hunger and thirst as well as his hurts. We soon found water in a hole, and I spent half an hour getting him in shape to ride. Then I took the lead and he followed on the mustang, and I kept a pace which brought us to the post just after sunrise. We did not see nor hear anything to alarm us on the way. A fog came on just before daylight, and hung thickly over the country until after sunrise. We made the last three miles under cover of this fog, and as we reached the sentinel and were challenged the corporal who came hurrying up gasped out:

"Good heavens! But how did you do it?"

"What?"

"Why, there are two hundred redskins around us!"

The fog had no sooner lifted than the savages were seen riding about, taunting and defying us. We had come through their lines unharmed, never suspecting how close we were to capture and death.



## FROM EVERYWHERE

### GEM-STUFFED POULTRY USED IN SMUGGLING.

Geese and chickens stuffed with precious stones and other valuables have been passing between Leningrad, Moscow and other large cities in Soviet Russia as part of a regular smuggling system.

Eighteen smugglers were arrested for their part in the affair, which the authorities say has been going on for many months, yielding great profits.

Besides precious stones, mother of pearl and other merchandise of small bulk and considerable value were sent in the poultry consignments.

### TESTING TROUSERS.

How many times can a man sit down without wearing out the seat of his trousers?

A definite answer to this really important question now can be obtained in round numbers from a novel textile-testing machine devised by the United States Bureau of Standards to measure and durability of cloth used in making army uniforms, according to Popular Science Monthly.

When applied recently to a new quality of cloth for army trousers, it was found that the wearer could sit down 97,000 times before the cloth showed the least sign of wearing through.

### ALL-GLASS HOUSES.

Shall we all live in glass houses some day? A. G. Shieds, an Ohio inventor, claims to have found a way to make houses of glass, says Popular Science Monthly, at a cost 20 per cent. less than than of frame ones.

No paint, no plaster, no wallpaper. Soap and water would keep them clean and sanitary. For privacy's sake the glass is opaque and can be made in any color.

Mr. Shieds's invention is a machine that makes glass slabs three-eighths of an inch thick, thirty inches wide, and up to nine feet long. These are bolted to concrete foundations and screwed to a framework of wood.

### CITY UNEARTHED NEAR MOSCOW; SHOWS STONE AGE TRANSITION

Russian archeologists have discovered on the outskirts of Moscow the remains of an ancient city, believed to date from the fifth century before Christ, when stone tools were just beginning to be replaced by metal implements.

Many iron arrows, knives, glass bracelets, bone combs and gold and silver jewelry were unearthed. Several examples of primitive pottery bearing designs for textiles also were found.

The main occupation of the inhabitants, the archeologists say, was cattle breeding, hunting having played a minor role.

Trace of an ancient Kremlin also were excavated.

### BENJAMIN RUSH, SIGNER.

Much of the credit for stamping out the yellow fever plague which ravaged Philadelphia in 1793 must be given to that distinguished physician Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the

Declaration of Independence, which will be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, June 1 to December 1.

It has been estimated that he saved the lives of at least 6,000 people in Philadelphia, and is said to have treated as many as 100 persons in a single day. In the midst of deaths in his own family and those of his friends, he kept going night and day, sometimes fainting in the street from exhaustion.

Benjamin Rush was descended from one of Cromwell's officers who had come over to America. He was graduated from Princeton College when only sixteen years of age, and afterward studied medicine in Edinburgh, London and Paris.

At the age of twenty-four Benjamin Rush occupied the chair of chemistry in the medical school in Philadelphia, a member of one of the youngest faculties that ever sat in professors' chairs. Certain additions were made later to the institution, the oldest medical school in the country, and it was finally merged in the University of Pennsylvania.

This eminent physician of early American days was well known as an author and possessed a great talent for public discussion. Even while he was a student in London he was an earnest defender of the rights of American colonists.

In the fifth year of his professorship he became famous by his oration delivered before the Philosophical Society on the history of medicine among the Indians. He especially discussed the evils of the intemperate use of intoxicating spirits, which is probably the first instance of such a discussion in Philadelphia.

The address did much to make him one of the political leaders in the stirring times which were to come. He was elected to the Provincial Conference of Pennsylvania, and was afterward elevated to Congress, not long before the passage of the Declaration of Independence, which he signed with his father-in-law, Richard Stockton, of Princeton, whose daughter, Julia, he had married.

Shortly afterward he received the appointment of surgeon-general of the United States Army for the Middle Department. After about six months he was made physician-general.

When Benjamin Rush died in 1813, a contemporary paid him the following tribute: "The sensation throughout the whole country was intense. Everyone had heard of Dr. Rush, and all that were interested in medicine or philosophy, in common humanity or in the honor of their country, felt that they had lost a friend and benefactor."

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## PLUCK AND LUCK

# CURRENT NEWS

### 75 TO BE YOUTHFUL AGE, SAVANT ASSERTS

Men and women 100 years old will be active in business and social affairs by 2026, it is predicted by Sir Kingsley Wood, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Health.

"In the next century there is no doubt in my mind that the average expectation of life will be a hundred years, and a person of seventy-five will be regarded as comparatively young," said Sir Kingsley, who has recommended more physical exercise for members of the House of Commons.

"Good health and good temper go together," he contended, "and if the Members of Parliament took more exercise fewer members would be suspended and wild and excited scenes in the house would disappear."

### GETS \$900 COYOTE BOUNTY.

That is the bill that three nimrods took to the Orleans County Supervisor at Albion.

Three prairie wolves were killed by George Hall of Altmar and Lewis McLean and Adam Norwich, both of Elba, in the Elba swamp near the county line between Genesee and Orleans, N. Y.

The price on the coyotes' heads was set by the Orleans Supervisors, who last year had to pay \$15,000 in claims to sheep owners whose flocks were harassed by the coyote band. The sheep killers are descendants of a tame pair brought to this section by an Indian woman several years ago.

The three hunters were the first to be successful among the scores seeking the high bounties. They have been hiding near a runway in the swamp each morning, and their patience was rewarded when a band of five passed quite close to them.

### SEES WORLD HUNGRY IN 100 YEARS

The world must turn to science in its search for food, said Dr. Samuel C. Prescott in a lecture at Cambridge, Mass.

Doctor Prescott, head of the department of biology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said that unless new sources and more efficient methods of production and preservation were found or some method devised to synthesize foods from abundant cheap materials, the world would face a food shortage in the next century.

He predicted that the first great retrenchment in the world's food supply would come in meat, and that the present generation might live to see a great proportion of its meat coming from the Arctic region, with its reindeer and caribou, and from tropical countries, where goats and some type of cattle can be raised in large numbers.

Soy beans, peanuts and bananas may come to rank among the most important foods, consumption of fish will increase tremendously, and corn will be used more generally as human food. Land now used for cattle raising will be given over to intensive agriculture purposes.

### HORDE OF GIANT RATS DEFY CREW OF BIG SUBMARINE

The U. S. S. V-1, the largest of the navy's undersea vessels, which is at the submarine base, New London, Conn., undergoing a series of availability tests, is faced with the problem of ridding itself of rats.

The craft recently returned to this country from a 14,000 mile cruise in Southern waters, during the course of which stops were made at various Caribbean Sea and South American ports. It was at one of these points that the rats succeeded in getting aboard the craft. They are of the South American species, huge, long-tailed, up-turned nosed rodents and they have multiplied rapidly.

Officials are at a loss as to how to rid the ship of them. They cannot be poisoned, for they would then crawl away to die in the remote parts of the hull and in the partitions and it would be impossible to locate them. The rodents are wily creatures and have refused to be lured into traps of various types which members of the crew have set.

A clubbing party has been organized aboard the craft and members of the crew make daily sallies into the store-rooms and other compartments seeking out the rodents. Many of the rats have been killed in this manner, but no appreciable inroads have been made in the colony.

### SAW-KNIFE OF 1500 B. C. IS UNEARTHED

The skeleton of an early Bronze Age man, period between 1500 and 2000 B. C., with flint tools permitting scientific classification of its antiquity, has been discovered in the Peak district of Derbyshire, England.

This discovery was made by W. Allan Milton of the British Archaeological Society, and F. A. Holmes "Fellow" of the Royal Geographical Society, during excavations among the tumuli in the Buxton neighborhood, and scientists regard it a confirmation of earlier finds indicating the presence of pre-historic man in this district.

The skeleton was that of a man five feet seven inches in height, and conforms to the peculiarities of other known specimens of human races at that period. Buried with the skeleton were some ancient tools, one a saw-knife three inches long and 3-4 inch wide, which experienced archaeologists regard as the best specimen of its kind yet found in Derbyshire. One side of this implement is pointed like a knife, and the other has twelve perfect serrations. The saw evidently was used to cut through the flesh of animals and the knife to pare off the skin.

As some tumuli in the neighborhood have been known to contain eighteen interments, Milton and Holmes are continuing their search, and are in hopes of unearthing pottery urns as the calcined bones of the dead were buried in the Bronze Age. The searchers have also found two Roman pottery eating vessels and a drinking cup unearthed at Sylvan Cliff, Buxton. The vessels are broken, but can be easily be pieced together, and are pronounced fine specimens of Roman work.



## GOOD READING

### KETTLE-DRUM PIANO

In spite of his amazing dexterity, the kettle-drum player in an orchestra needs even more agility to play all that is demanded of him in modern music scores. Professor Schneller, a noted kettle-drum player of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, is coming to the rescue with a kettle-drum piano that will operate eight drums of varying pitch, says Popular Science Monthly.

Even the most modern orchestras have at most four kettle-drums. With a piano keyboard arrangement the work of the drummer, it is claimed, would be lessened greatly. But would not the admiration of the audience also disappear?

### READING BY SOUND

Teaching the blind to read by means of different shades of sound is a new and remarkable method invented by Professor Rosing, an oculist of Leningrad, Russia, says Popular Science Monthly. Every letter of the alphabet will be expressed by a different sound. So far, sounds have been contrived for eighteen letters of the alphabets.

The sounds are used, too, to see objects. Experiments showed, it is claimed, that children using the sound apparatus were able to define many articles in a room and recognize persons who were passing.

### HUGE NEW KENTUCKY DAM

On a site selected nearly 150 years ago by Daniel Boone as among "many excellent mill sites" along Dix River, today stands the Dix River Dam, the largest rock-filled dam in the world and the highest of any kind east of the Rocky Mountains.

The hydro-electric plant at the dam is the latest unit in a nation-wide super-power transmission system. The dam impounds a lake 31 miles long, covering 3,000 acres and with an estimated capacity of 100,000,000,000 gallons of water.

The generators of the plant, three in number, utilizing 540,000 gallons of water a minute when running at capacity, develop 30,000 horsepower of electricity at 13,200 volts. At a transformer substation nearby the current is raised to 6,000 volts and transmitted to distributing stations in Kentucky, Indiana and Virginia. It cost \$7,000,000.

### MAN'S INVENTIVE GENIUS ACTIVE IN LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

In the last twenty-five years, man has outstripped all other periods in the number and kind of his inventions and their practical application, says "Popular Mechanics."

A quarter of a century ago, no one had heard of the radio, submarines, war tanks, machine-guns, airplanes and wireless telephones as articles of almost daily service. The world then was doubting Marconi and the little group of men who believed in radio, while experimenters with airplanes were tolerated as amusing "cranks." Today, the roar of the mail planes daily is heard over the route of the old Pony Express, armies of the world fight in the air, and it is becoming the great highway for peace-time travel and shipping.

Important applications and changes have been made in old inventions. The reaper, for instance, was known nearly a century ago, but only in the last twenty-five years has it been combined with the thresher. Motion pictures, relaying photographs by radio, the use of radium and the X-ray, are achievements of the present century.

### RICHARD STOCKTON, SIGNER

Thrown into the common prison in New York by a band of loyalists, and treated with the utmost severity during the Revolution, was the fate of Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, signer of the Declaration of Independence, to be commemorated by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia, June 1 to December 1.

At the direction of Congress, General Washington remonstrated with General Howe, and Stockton was exchanged shortly afterward, but his health had been permanently impaired.

The New Jersey signer was born near Princeton in 1730. He was graduated from Princeton College, after which he studied law. When he visited Great Britain a few years later, he exerted himself especially to remove the prevailing ignorance regarding the American colonies. For a while he strove to effect a reconciliation between the colonies and the mother country and was silent for a time in the opening debates on the question of Independence. In the end, he expressed concurrence in the final vote and signed the Declaration.

Richard Stockton's library, one of the best in the country, was burned by the British when they occupied Princeton at the close of 1776, and his estate, called "Morven," in the suburbs of Princeton, was devastated. The portraits of the signer and his wife were pierced with bayonets. By these strokes of ill luck, and by the depreciation of Colonial currency, his fortunes were greatly diminished and he was forced to obtain help from friends.

As an eminent lawyer who became Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Richard Stockton became a valuable member of the Continental Congress to which he was elected in 1776. He signed the Declaration of Independence along with his distinguished son-in-law, Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, who had married his daughter Julia.

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